

T H E
CRITICAL REVIEW.

For SEPTEMBER, 1796.

The New Annual Register, or general Repository of History, Politics, and Literature, for the Year 1795. To which is prefixed, the History of Knowledge, Learning, and Taste, in Great Britain, during the Reign of King Charles the First. 8vo. 9s. Boards. Robinsons. 1796.

THE volume before us is introduced by the following apology—

‘ The present volume makes its appearance at least a month later than was intended. But as our readers must perceive that our information is derived from no common sources, it may naturally be conceived that some delay may occur in the collecting of that information, and that, whatever may be our assiduity in endeavouring to gratify the anxious curiosity of the public at this momentous period, some disappointment (for every delay is a disappointment) may ensue from circumstances which we cannot command.’
P. iii.

The editors must excuse us, if we observe that such an apology was neither necessary, nor expected by the public. To collect from authentic documents the transactions of the year,—to arrange them with accuracy, and express them in animated and correct language,—is a task which must necessarily occupy several months; and when we reflect that their rival editors have not yet brought forward their history of 1792, and have even left the whole of French affairs of 1791 in arrear, we must add that it favours of affectation or bravado, to offer an excuse for having delayed their history of the year 1795, to the beginning of August 1796.

The volume is introduced (as usual) by a kind of critical history of science and literature, during the reign of Charles the First, which is written in the same candid and moderate style as the preceding parts, as will be seen in the following short but correct character of the philosopher of Malmesbury—

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' Few of the political writers of this period have attracted more of the notice of succeeding times, than Hobbes. In 1647, this philosopher published "*De Cive*," a work which he had long had in contemplation, and which was intended to check the rising spirit of democracy, by establishing the claims of monarchy, on new principles of philosophy. In 1650, he wrote "*De Corpore Politico*," and the year following his "*Leviathan*," in which, in establishing a system of civil policy, he represents man as an untameable beast of prey, and government as the strong chain by which he is to be restrained from mischief. This work, though learned and ingenious, adduced such bold and paradoxical opinions, both in philosophy and policy, that the clergy took the alarm, and the author was represented to be, in religion, inimical to revelation, and in policy, an advocate for the cause of tyranny. That his temper was soured by beholding the excesses into which the enthusiasm of liberty had betrayed the popular party, and his understanding shocked by the fanatical cant of the puritanical clergy, is, we think, evident from his writings. In religion, however, he appears rather to have been a sceptic than an absolute unbeliever; and his politics contain many sound observations on the principles of government. In comparison with such men as Hobbes, the pretended philosophers of France are puny sciolists, and their English imitators below contempt.' P. xxviii.

The most important department, however, of this publication is the historical, which consists of ten chapters; the first five of which are occupied with our domestic affairs, and exhibit an apparently faithful sketch of the parliamentary proceedings in the session of 1795. This part, however, we observe, is less extended than in the preceding volume,—probably because the arguments on the war, which is the most prominent topic, were in general anticipated in 1794. The sixth chapter relates to the affairs of Ireland; and we find in it the most accurate and impartial account we have any where seen of the dismissal of earl Fitzwilliam, &c. The following observation appears new to us; and yet it carries with it a strong internal conviction that it is founded in truth—

' There is, however, another cause to which, upon the best authority, we are led to impute the dismissal of earl Fitzwilliam; and that is a well-grounded dread in the minister, of the rising influence of Mr. Grattan, the Ponsonby family, and others of the Irish patriots. These men, though they have not, we confess, acted in all respects consistently with the character, have always been attached to Whig principles: and principles cannot in all instances undergo an immediate change, and be made in every respect subservient to the dictates of self-interest. They are men too of rank, of considerable local influence, and of transcendent talents. If therefore
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the influence which is now vested in a family of new men, who are necessarily more dependent on the British cabinet, could have been transferred at once to the Whig party of Ireland, while the Portland party here remained connected with them, the whole power and influence of that kingdom must have vested in the duke of Portland and his friends; and it must in some measure have counteracted that immense influence which Mr. Pitt has acquired with the monied interest of England. This is therefore the only clue which will lead to the developement of the conduct of the British cabinet. We state it not as a matter of censure (for jealousies and intrigues will take place in all cabinets), but as a matter of historical remark. The narrative which gives only a dull record of events to be found in every newspaper, is not a history but a chronicle.

‘We shall not enter into any discussion concerning the probable consequences of the catholic bill, as it is a measure which does not appear likely to be soon carried into effect; and the merits and demerits of lord Fitzwilliam’s administration are amply canvassed in the succeeding debates. We confess ourselves not among the unqualified admirers of that administration; yet, whatever may be the feelings of those who reprobate the present war,—those assuredly, who are disposed to approve it, ought not to withhold commendation from earl Fitzwilliam. The union of parties which he effected, the cheerfulness with which an impoverished nation submitted to immense burdens, were certainly favourable to the present objects of ministry. In the words of a writer who is supposed to occupy a high station in the church, and to be intimately connected with earl Fitzwilliam, “he made a war in which Ireland had no concern, save as she was implicated with Great Britain—a war, doubtful in its cause, disgraceful in its consequences, and indefensible in its management—palatable, or at least not unpopular to the people of Ireland. His arrangements in correcting the lavish expenditure of the public money were certainly for the benefit of the nation, and his attention to the distressed peasantry highly commendable.” P. 152.

The remaining four chapters are chiefly devoted to the events of the war, and the state of the interior of France, in which we can easily discover that the assertion of the editors is not over-charged, ‘that their information is derived from *no common* sources;’ but, on the contrary, that much of it must have been collected on the spot. It cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers, to be made better acquainted than most of them probably are, with the characters of the men who at present exercise the executive authority in France—

‘The suspicion and alarm which were awakened by the fatal experience of the past, joined to the honourable resistance of Thibeaudeau, baffled the designs of those who had sought to bow the

people beneath the yoke of a second revolutionary government; and they no longer attempted to withhold the constitution. The present temper of the convention, however, entirely excluded from the highest offices of the state the men whom probably the voice of the people would have raised to those dignities. At the same time the prevailing party in the convention felt that to compose the whole executive directory of avowed terrorists, would excite such general indignation as it were well to avoid. A middle path was therefore chosen. A list was formed of men who were not indeed distinguished as favourites of the people, but most of whom bore characters free from reproach. The party of what was called *les hors la loi* (the outlawed deputies in the time of Robespierre), who, a few weeks before, would have had the absolute choice of the executive power, could now only raise, by a sort of compromise with the convention, one of their own party to that station. This person was Reveillere-Lepaux; he was formerly a lawyer; when called to the legislature, he attached himself to the party of the Gironde, had the honour of sharing their proscription during the tyranny of Robespierre, and was obliged to conceal himself in order to preserve his life. Reveillere-Lepaux is a man of strict integrity, and also a man of letters; he has applied himself particularly to the study of botany, of which he possesses considerable knowledge. He was with difficulty prevailed upon by his friends to accept the office of director, which a weak state of health, as well as a taste for study and retirement, led him to decline. At length, however, he yielded to the solicitations of those who felt that it was important to place at the head of affairs a person of his integrity; but it is said that, already wearied of his employment, and suffering in his health, he intends shortly to resign. Rewbell was born in the province of Alsace; and his profession was also that of a lawyer; he was one of the village attorneys of whom Mr. Burke makes mention, who composed the constituent assembly, where he performed his part with honour, and proved himself a friend to the liberties of his country. After the conquest of Holland by the French, Rewbell was sent with Sieyes, to conclude a treaty with that country. Rewbell has always belonged to what is called the middle party, and contributed with great ardor to the fall of the Jacobins, after the 27th of July. He is a man of plain good sense, and is said to know well how to take advantage even of difficult circumstances.

Letourneur de la Manche was, before the revolution, an officer of engineers; he is not distinguished for talents, and was rather more attached to the mountain than the plain; but his conduct has been unsullied by any of the excesses of the Jacobin party. The Abbé Sieyes is well known as a man of letters, a philosopher, and the author of the Table of the Rights of Man, drawn up by the constituent assembly. How a man so celebrated, and so intimately connected

connected with the *côté droit*, escaped persecution during the reign of Robespierre, was a matter of surprize to many; and he has been suspected of having purchased his peace with the tyrant by some unworthy compliances. By others Sieyes has been accused, on the contrary, of attachment to royalism; he had once a literary contest on that subject with Thomas Paine, and long since, in his *Disquisitions on Government*, declared that the edifice of the French constitution ought to terminate in a pyramid, or point; by which he meant regal power; an opinion that is now frequently cited by his adversaries. Sieyes is gloomy and unsocial in his disposition, and is said to have that circumspection which results not from timidity but from hypocrisy. Proud and imperious with the vanquished, he knows how to observe that sort of cautious conduct with the victorious party, which enables him to abandon them when another party arises. This forbearance costs him much, because he is naturally arrogant, and impatient of contradiction. He loves to involve his conduct in mystery. He has the art of ruling weaker minds, and of making them act as he thinks proper, while he remains hid behind the storm which he himself has raised. Above all other things he values his safety and his life; and this was perhaps his motive for rejecting his nomination to the executive directory; but Sieyes, though he "does not play," it is well known, "o'erlooks the cards," and has the direction of what is called the middle party of the legislative body; but as he rather leans towards the mountain than the plain, he proposes, by means of those whom he directs, since he scarcely ever appears himself at the tribune, measures of severity rather than of clemency, and schemes of ambition rather than of moderation. Barras, formerly the viscount Barras, and in the military service, a person of a very ordinary capacity, and better fitted for a man of pleasure than a statesman, would certainly not have obtained the station he now enjoys, but for the peculiar circumstances of the moment. He had indeed distinguished himself, by leading on the forces of the convention against the municipality of Paris on the 27th of July, although, in the time of Robespierre, he was sufficiently renowned as a terrorist; he had also contributed to suppress the insurrection of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine on the 20th of May, and had been appointed by the convention commander in chief on the 13th of Vendemiaire, and subdued the sections of Paris.

Such were the men who were selected by the governing party at that period in the convention, to fill the office of the executive directory. To the names abovementioned there was indeed added that of Cambaceres, a man of some talents, but of more duplicity, and one of the chiefs of the middle party. The mode of election established by the constitution for the office of the directory was, that each member of the council of five hundred should write the names of fifty persons, and after a scrutiny, a list of those fifty

who had obtained the majority of votes, should be proclaimed by the president, and sent to the council of ancients, who, from that list, were to chuse five persons for the office of the executive directory. The prevailing party in the council of five hundred, having agreed upon six persons whom they chose to appoint to the directory, had sufficient address to prevail with the great majority to inscribe on their respective lists, together with those six well-known names, forty-four others which had never till then been mentioned. Accordingly, the names of the most obscure persons, village-justices, farmers, and even simple peasants, being placed with those of the six legislators, nothing was left to the council of ancients but an insulting mockery of choice, of which they felt the ignominy, but to which, in the present circumstances, they were compelled to submit; and Rewbell, La Reveillere Lepaux, Sieyes, Barras, and Letourneur de la Manche, were elected members of the directory; Sieyes having resigned, the same farce was again acted, and the names of Carnot and Cambaceres were sent with a fresh list of persons unknown to the council of ancients. Carnot was chosen by a majority of a few votes; he was an officer of engineers before the revolution; he is a man of distinguished abilities, and, possessing great military knowledge, is peculiarly well qualified to direct the plans of the campaign. The name of Carnot is indeed sullied with the stain of having been placed with that of Robespierre, and the other sanguinary names of the ancient committee of public safety, of which he was a member. But candour obliges us to remark that Carnot and Robert Lindet, who were both members of that execrable committee, were not considered as men of blood. It is well known that they took no part in the councils of Robespierre, but were constantly and uniformly employed in their respective departments,—Lindet in regulating the affairs of subsistence, and Carnot in arranging the plans of those memorable campaigns, by which, to use the language of Barrere, he organized victory.²

P. 229.

The cause of the failure of the French in the last campaign is not, we believe, very generally known in this country—

‘ The army commanded by Jourdan, after forcing the posts occupied by the Austrians on the Lahn, crossed the Mein, and the convention were informed that Mentz was completely invested. The Austrian army, though recovered from the fatigue and defeats of the last campaign, had yet so much the impression of terror on their minds, that the French had hitherto found no great obstacles to the achievement of the chief object of their wishes,—the investment of the fortress of Mentz. The Austrians were retiring spiritless and dejected, when an accident decided the fate of this campaign in their favour. A division of the army under Pichegru had orders to take possession of a post in order to prevent the junction
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of Clairfait's army with Wurmsfer, who had been marching with a considerable force to the relief of Mannheim, supposing that he should arrive in sufficient time to prevent the surrender of that place to the French. The post was taken without much difficulty, for the Austrians retired on the approach of the assailants; but a part of the French cavalry having proceeded to pillage, the Austrians, who had hitherto acted on the defensive, advised by the peasantry of this disorder, returned to the charge, and surprized them. The infantry for some time stood the shock, but were at length obliged to give way; and the Austrians pursuing their first success, forced the whole of the division to fall back to Mannheim, and all the advantages of this expedition were totally lost.

Previous to this reverse, the French generals had discovered that the forces which they had under their command were not sufficient for all the great purposes they were to accomplish; since it was not only necessary to hold the Austrians in check, or continue to pursue them, but it required a very considerable force to carry on the siege of Mentz. The check given by the Austrians near Mannheim decided the French generals to abandon their pursuit. Jourdan also found his position no longer tenable. A division of the Austrian army, having violated the neutral territory between the Lahn and the Mein, had fallen on his rear, and taken a considerable part of his artillery. This violation of the neutral territory was made not only in open defiance of existing treaties, but (it is said) with the knowledge and even by the advice of officers in the Prussian service. Prince Hohenloe had, at the commencement of the Prussian negotiation with France, endeavoured to prevent its further progress, by the surprize of Kaiserslautern, where the French lost three thousand men. But the Prussians making immediate reparation, the negotiations were renewed. This prince was at Frankfort when the French passed the Rhine; and it is asserted that he encouraged the attack of Clairfait by the information he gave of the weakness and position of the French, who, not suspecting an attack from that quarter, had taken no care to guard against surprize. Jourdan raised the blockade of Mentz, and began his retreat. Clairfait having assembled the various detachments on the Neckar, pursued the army of the Sambre and Meuse, which had repassed the Mein, while Pichegru again crossed the Rhine at Mannheim to reinforce the army on the left, leaving a strong garrison in this place. The army under Jourdan, pursued by Clairfait, after various skirmishes, made good its retreat back to Dusseldorf, from whence it had first passed the Rhine; but the garrison of Mentz having been strongly reinforced, two divisions of the Austrian army crossed the river at different points, and attacked the remains of the French, who had been intrenched before that place, and who had, during so many months, wasted their strength in vain. The Austrians, after an obstinate resistance,

drove them from all their posts, destroyed their works, and took possession of all the artillery.' P. 248.

The selection of miscellaneous matter, and the reviews of foreign and domestic literature in this volume, are executed with the same ability which the editors have hitherto displayed in those departments. The public are informed in the Preface, that the volume for 1796 is already in some forwardness.

Poems: by G. D. Harley, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.
8vo. 6s. Boards. Martin and Bain. 1796.

WE have read this volume of poems with much pleasure. The descriptive parts are very excellent; the compositions in general possess originality, and frequently charm by tenderness and simplicity. Mr. Harley's chief error seems to be prolixity, and the pursuing of a thought too far; besides which, he is often incorrect in his grammatical construction, as—

'He leaves to those *whom* gilded baubles prize, &c.'

It is true, we are told in the title-page, that the author 'does not yet know adjective, conjunction, or *ablative*;' but we think a writer should inform himself a little on these points, before he comes forward as a candidate for literary reputation.

It might, perhaps, have been as well if Mr. Harley had not entered upon politics, or lavished encomium on the *Toulon conflagration*, as we cannot agree with him in the following observation—

'Nor boots it who was right or who was wrong,
With morals what *has* politics to do?'

The beautiful poem which we shall here insert, though it will somewhat exceed our accustomed limits, cannot fail to convince every reader, that, in spite of trivial defects, Mr. Harley is a poet.

'LUBIN AND HIS DOG TRAY.

"Young Lubin was a shepherd boy,"
Who watch'd a rigid master's sheep,
And many a night was heard to sigh,
And many a day was seen to weep;

'For.

- * For not a lambkin e'er was lost,
Or wether stray'd to field remote;
But Lubin ever was to blame,
Nor careful he, nor penn'd his cote.
- * Yet not a trustier lad was known,
To climb the promontory's brow;
Nor yet a tenderer heart e'er beat,
Beside the brook in vale below.
- * From him stern winter's drifting snow,
Its pelting fleet, or frost severe;
Or scorching summer's sultry ray,
Ne'er forc'd a murmur, or a tear.
- * For ah! the varying seasons had
To every hardship form'd his frame;
Tho' still his tender feeling heart,
By nature nurs'd, remained the same.
- * But whither shall the orphan fly
To meet protection's fostering power?
Oppression waits the future day,
When misery marks the natal hour.
- * An orphan lad poor Lubin was,
No friend, no relative had he!
His happiest hour was dash'd with woe,
His mildest treatment—tyranny.
- * It chanc'd that o'er the boundless heath
One winter's day his flocks had spread;
By hunger urg'd to seek the blade,
That lurk'd beneath its snowy bed.
- * And hous'd at eve, his fleecy charge,
He, sorrowing, miss'd a favourite lamb,
That shunn'd the long persisting search,
Nor answer'd to its bleating dam.
- * With heavy heart he shap'd his way,
And told so true, so sad a tale,
That almost pierc'd the marble breast
Of ruthless Rufus of the vale.
- * Poor Lubin own'd his flocks had strayed,
Own'd he had suffer'd them to go;
Yes!—he had learn'd to pity them,
For often he had hunger'd too:
- * And had he to their pinching wants,
The unripp'd neighb'ring bounds deny'd;
They sure had dropp'd—as surely too,
The pitying shepherd boy had died.

* Then

- ' Then die !—th' unfeeling master said,
 And spurn'd him from his closing door ;
 Which, till he found his favourite lamb,
 He vow'd should ne'er admit him more
- ' Dark was the night, and o'er the waste
 The whistling winds did fiercely blow,
 And 'gainst his poor unshelter'd head,
 With arrowy keenness came the snow ;
- ' The small thick snow, that Eurus drives
 In freezing fury o'er the plain,
 And with unsparing vengeance, scores
 The callous face of hardiest swain.
- ' Yet thus he left his master's house,
 And thap'd his sad uncertain way ;
 By man unnotic'd and forsook,
 And follow'd but by—trusty Tray—
- ' Poor trusty Tray ! a faithful dog ;
 Lubin and he were young together :
 Still wou'd they grace each other's side,
 Whate'er the time, whate'er the weather,
- ' Unlike to worldly friends were they,
 Who separate in fortune's blast—
 They still were near when fair the sky,
 But nearer still when overcast.
- ' When Lubin's random step involv'd
 His body 'neath the drifted snow,
 Tray help'd him forth ; and when Tray fell,
 Poor Lubin dragg'd him from below.
- ' Thus, 'midst the horrors of the night,
 They enter'd on the houseless heath ;
 Above their heads no comfort broke,
 Nor round about, nor underneath.
- ' No little cheering star they saw,
 To light them on their dreary way ;
 Nor yet the distant twinkling blaze
 Of cottage industry saw they.
- ' Nay e'en that most officious guide
 Of those who roam and those who mope ;
 Retiring Will o' th' Wisp, refus'd
 To trim the lamp of treach'rous hope.
- ' Nor parish bell was heard to strike,
 The hour of "tardy-gaited night ;"
 No noise—but winds and screams of those
 Ill-omen'd birds that shun the light.
- ' Benumb'd

' Benumb'd at length his stiff'ning joints,
 His tongue to Tray cou'd scarcely speak;
 His tears congeal'd to icicles—
 His hair hung clatt'ring 'gainst his check,
 ' As thus he felt his falt'ring limbs
 Give omen of approaching death,
 Aurora from her eastern hill
 Rush'd forth, and staid his fleeting breath:
 ' And shew'd to his imperfect sight
 The harmless cause of all his woe!
 His little lambkin, cold and stiff!
 Stretch'd on its bed of glitt'ning snow!
 ' His heart's best chord was yet in tune,
 Unsnapp'd by cold severity;
 Touch'd was that chord—his dim eye beam'd,
 Suffused [with] sensibility.
 " 'Tis just! he said, that where thou liest,
 The careless shepherd boy shou'd lie;
 Thou died'st, poor fool! for want of food!
 I fall, for suffering thee to die.
 " But oh, my master!"—broken—short—
 Was every half-word now he spoke—
 " Severe has been, thy constant will,
 And galling sure thy heavy yoke.
 " But yet 'in all my best,' have I
 Without a 'plaint my hardships bore;
 Rufus!—may all thy pangs be past—
 Master!—my sufferings are no more!
 " A warmer couch hast thou to press,
 Secure from cramping frosts thy feet;
 And could'st thou boast so free a breast,
 Thou yet might'st die a death as sweet.
 " My trusty dog—that wistful look
 Is all that makes my poor heart heave;
 But hie thee home,—proclaim me dead,
 Forget to think—and cease to grieve."
 ' So saying, shrunk the hapless youth,
 Beneath the chilling grasp of death;
 And, clasping poor Tray's saggy neck,
 Sigh'd gently forth his parting breath!
 ' His faithful, fond, sagacious dog,
 Hung watchful o'er his master's clay;
 And many a moan the old fool made,
 And many a thing he strove to say.

' He

- ' He paw'd him with his hard-worn foot,
 He lick'd him with his scarce warm tongue;
 His cold nose strove to catch his breath,
 As to his clos'd lips close it clung.
- ' But not a sign of lurking life,
 Thro' all his frame he found to creep;
 He knew not what it was to die,
 But knew his master did not sleep.
- ' For still had he his slumbers watch'd,
 Through many a long and dismal night;
 And rous'd him from his pallet hard,
 To meet his toil e'er morning light.
- ' And well his brain remember'd yet,
 He never patter'd tow'rds his bed;
 Or lodg'd his long face on his cheek,
 But straight he stirr'd, or rais'd his head.
- ' Yes, he remember'd, and with tears,
 His loving master's kind replies;
 When dumbly he contriv'd to say,
 "The cock has crow'd, my master rise!"
- ' But now the paw, the scratch, the whine,
 To howlings chang'd, alone can tell
 The sufferings of instinctive love,
 When fruitless prov'd its simple spell.
- ' Great grief assail'd his untaught heart,
 And quickly laid its victim low!
 His master's cheek, his pillow cold,
 Their common bed the colder snow!" P. 13.

An Enquiry into the Foundation and History of the Law of Nations in Europe, from the Time of the Greeks and Romans, to the Age of Grotius. By Robert Ward, of the Inner Temple, Esq. Barrister at Law. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s. Boards. Butterworth. 1795.

THE law of good walkers in the streets of London is, to keep the wall when your right hand is nearest, and to give the wall when your left hand is nearest to it. Thus by a simple rule much confusion is saved; and, except when an ignorant person deviates from this rule, people pass each other without difficulty. This custom may be called a law; yet, in strict definition, some very essential circumstances are wanting to make it a law. There is no superior power to enact it, and the infringement of it is not attended with punishment. There are many laws of the same kind, whose observance

observance is evidently conducive to the happiness of mankind; yet many errors in reasoning upon them will arise, if we do not distinguish accurately between the vague and strict meaning of words; and perhaps there is no subject which has given rise, from want of accuracy, to more superfluous dispute, than that which is the basis of the treatise before us. The law of nations in Europe! Has any law ever been imposed by a superior power on the nations in Europe? or have these nations ever met and fixed on certain laws, to which they will conform under certain penalties? No such thing. There is no such thing as law of nations in Europe. There are certain customs prevailing in certain nations of Europe, which are violated in their turns by every one of them, according as it suits their convenience: there are only certain agreements or treaties between friendly nations; and if they disagree, recourse is had frequently to war, which sets all reason, honour, and justice, at defiance.

Yet, in all disputes between nations, each party objects to the other some breach of the law of nations; and it is very hard indeed, if each cannot find some pretext from that law to justify its conduct. Like the law of fashion, reputation, or honour, an equally undefined law, this law of nations is capricious: and there is scarcely any thing laid down to be just or unjust, according to this law, which, in the course of a few years, does not change its name and quality. Thus, not long ago every English historian did not fail to reprobate the conduct of the Spaniards towards the natives of America; and the hunting of them with dogs was looked upon as a refinement in cruelty, unworthy of a civilised nation. What will the English historians now say of the English nation, which has used the same species of dogs against an independent people, with whom it had entered into a treaty, and, on the conquest of this people, exercises the supposed right of conquest by transporting them to a distant and remote country? One of the principles, we should think, of the law of nations would be, that each nation should regulate, at its own discretion, its own internal concerns; but the late confederacies against France and Poland show in what estimation such a principle is held by the nations in Europe. The passage of an ambassador over a neutral territory might be supposed sacred: yet the late conduct of Austria shows, that this is not an inviolable principle of this law of nations. The treatment of an enemy when taken prisoner, was, in the times of chivalry, noble and generous; but now Fayette drags on his existence in a dungeon. Before the enemy was attacked, Rome in its best days made a solemn declaration of war; modern nations begin by seizing the defenceless ships of the enemy in their own harbours.

bours. If we were to go on in this manner, we should not, we fear, be able to speak much in praise of the practice of the nations of Europe. In their manifestos they may appeal on both sides to the law of nations; but the law of the strongest, in general, sets aside every other principle.

If the law of nations is really of so uncertain a nature, it is to be expected that an author will take some time in explaining what it is: and this is done, in the work before us, in many a page which might well have been spared, if the author had given himself the trouble of defining what he meant by law, and what by nations. As the limits, however, of our work will not permit us to give our readers the whole of the chapter, we will present them with the conclusion, from which, if they obtain any clear ideas, we confess that they have much the advantage over us—

‘ Upon the whole then, the account of the Law of Nations, is not greatly different from that of the municipal, which by all writers is considered as positive law. For both the one and the other look for their principles to reason; for their application, to regular institutions; and hence a writer of the last age has said, not improperly, that the law of nations holds the midway between civil law and the law of nature. When however they come to be broken, the difference is far more serious. The breach of municipal law is attended only by the punishment of the offender; (the law remaining still in force, strengthened perhaps by the very infraction:) the breach of the other, can only be remedied by the refusal of those who are injured to comply with it any longer, and the law itself is totally destroyed.’ Vol. i. p. 33.

Having settled what the law of nations is, we are treated in the next chapter with a long dissertation on the obligation of natural law, in which we were very glad to meet with the following passage, as it saved us a great deal of study, which we might have otherwise employed in endeavouring to analyse our author’s sentiments—

‘ Upon the whole then, if we consider mankind as totally independent of the control of civil institutions, and destitute of those inestimable advantages concerning the intentions and providence of the Deity, which his goodness has revealed to us; it would appear that the law of nature, as far as the particular ramifications of morality are concerned, is like the moral sense itself. That is, either it does not exist at all, or it is so confounded with our prejudices, and habits, and peculiar ideas of happiness; and so variously made up, according to the various casts of thought, and the varying perceptions of man, that with respect to the obligation in the universe to pursue the particular duties which it is said to enjoin, nothing certain can be satisfactorily laid down concerning it.’ Vol. i. p. 90.

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The third chapter has for its title, the Foundation of the Law of Nations; and our law of nations is at once very much narrowed at the base; for it now appears to be 'not the law of all nations, but only of such sets or classes of them as are united together by similar religions, and systems of morality.' Thus the poor Turk, who has dominions in Europe, and once made loud complaints against the christians for certain violations, as he thought them, of the laws of honour, and of nations, is driven out of the pale of this political church.

It was not difficult to bring instances in abundance, to show that the pretended law of nations is not, nor ever has been, the law of the world; and the different customs of different nations in different ages of the world, which form a series of entertaining anecdotes through the remainder of this volume,—if they add little to the knowledge intended to be communicated by this treatise,—may serve to revive, in the moments of leisure, the impressions made during a course of historical reading.

In the second volume is given an account of the influence of christianity, and ecclesiastical establishments,—of the influence of chivalry,—of the influence of treaties and conventions,—of the rank and claims of the nations of Europe,—and the last chapter but one gives the history of the law, continued from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century. The last chapter is dedicated to the age of Grotius, whose treatise is naturally panegyrised, though Puffendorf and Vattel come in for their respective eulogiums.

'And thus (says our author) I have done with the account of this interesting law, after having endeavoured, possibly with too great minuteness of attention, to trace its progress in Europe through all its various revolutions. We have seen it, comparatively regular, though cruel, under the morality of the Greeks and Romans. We have marked its annihilation under the followers of Odin, and a barbarous religion: we have beheld it reviving under the influence of christianity! At the same time I have attempted to point out the effects of all local circumstances upon that part of it which is positive; to trace the account of the uncertainty of the doctrines concerning it, till it is to be found resting at last upon sure ground, under the pilotage of the great jurist of the last century. The vast body of materials which has been brought together, has spun out the work to a length far beyond my expectation; yet I have purposely past aside a variety of interesting topics, and some very noble questions. I have done this, as well from the want of leisure from other occupations, as from the fear of fatiguing the reader; nor am I insensible how little qualified in many points I have been, for the execution of a work, whose subject at least must for ever be of consequence to mankind. Yet am I not totally without the hope, that those who are fond of

investigating the nature of their species as it is to be found in their actions, or who, not content with what is, are willing to be told what was, and how it came to be, will not absolutely throw away their time in perusing what is now with great diffidence committed to the world.' Vol. ii. p. 627.

Though the author now and then puzzled us with his philosopher of Delft, and philosopher of Erenada, and he appeared to us to be frequently, according to a vulgar saying, beating about the bush,—we will not say that our time was absolutely thrown away, in perusing what is now with so great diffidence committed to the world.

Sermons, by George Hill, D.D. F. R. S. Ed. Principal of St. Mary's College in the University of St. Andrew, one of the Ministers of that City, and one of his Majesty's Chaplains in ordinary for Scotland. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Cadell and Davies. 1796.

THE writer of these Sermons is a minister of the established church in Scotland: and the reader must bear this in mind, or he will be in danger of misapprehending, in many places, the meaning of the term established church, which occurs much oftener than necessary; and will suppose, that certain institutions were intended to flourish under a bench of bishops, instead of a Scotch presbytery. On the other hand, when the writer speaks in praises of the constitution, he certainly must mean the constitution of England, not that of Scotland; for it would be an insult to the understanding, to suppose that he could allude to the state of the representation of Scotland, when he talks in the following manner—

'This is the end of government: the measure in which this end is attained, forms the standard by which the excellence of every government ought to be tried; and we are happy as a nation, because this end is completely attained under that constitution, to which the favour of heaven hath conducted us. The security of our rights does not depend upon the caprice of any of the sons of men. Our persons and our good name are protected by laws which have been enacted with wisdom, and which are interpreted and executed with impartiality. Our property is secure against the violence of our neighbour; and it is not extorted for the public service by any arbitrary mandate, but is collected in the manner fixed by those who are the representatives of the people, who are bound by every tie to consult the interests of the people, and who bear their own share of every burden.' P. 402.

In a series of discourses addressed to the members of
Christ's

Christ's kingdom; (for the Scotch church pretends to look up to Christ as their head) we cannot see the propriety of alluding so much to politics, and particularly to talk of impartial justice, when late occurrences have occasioned, on this side of the Tweed, some very severe animadversions on the system, both in theory and practice, of their jurisprudence.

We did not know before that Edinburgh was so deficient in its accommodations for the religious instruction and worship of the poor: but, by this author's account, there seems to be a considerable defect in their police or their presbyteries—

'When, amidst the other improvements of this great and flourishing city, those who are entrusted with the management of its affairs, shall find leisure to erect churches, in which the lower orders of the citizens may procure convenient accommodation at a rate suited to their circumstances, all the gracious and wise purposes of the day which was made for man, will be here attained with regard to the poor. While they are furnished by this society, or by other persons actuated by the like benevolent spirit, with the means of making this day of rest a day of recollection, they will hear the form of sound words, and that doctrine which is according to godliness; from men who minister by the authority and under the inspection of this established church. They will not only be put in remembrance of those things which, from private instruction, they know and believe, but they will receive, in the most effectual and impressive manner, those lessons of peace, of honesty, of good order, and of every domestic duty, which form one great branch of our public discourses; and by all who shall observe its salutary influence upon their conduct, the preaching of the gospel will be esteemed both the wisdom of God to the salvation of the individual, and a blessing to the community.' P. 392.

We recommend our preacher to read with attention the general letter of James, particularly the part in which he reproves the Christians of his days, for paying a much greater degree of attention to a well-dressed than to a poor brother; and then, perhaps, he may be able to convince his presbyteries, that one of the great faults among Christians is the distinction which they make in their assemblies between the rich and the poor,—a distinction not only not authorized by, but totally contrary to, the temper and precepts of the gospel.

In the first sermon from the words in 2 Pet. i. 12, the first head of the discourse informs us that—

'The words of the apostle suggest, in the first place, that it is not to be supposed the preaching of the gospel will contain any thing that is new to the hearers.' P. 3.

Now we can see nothing in the apostle's language which
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can possibly suggest such an idea; and the preacher seems to have taken up this notion from a mistake, not uncommon, of the meaning of the words 'preaching the gospel.' Thus in London we have a denomination of ministers of the church of England, ignorantly called by their followers (for we should hope that none of the clergy could sanction the epithet) gospel preachers: and these ministers are supposed to preach the *everlasting gospel*, in opposition to others, whose sermons do not contain the same unction, but explain the good tidings of our Saviour with greater propriety. The mistake consists in this, that the words 'preach the gospel' have an appropriate meaning, namely, to proclaim good tidings or good news to persons who have not heard them; and consequently the preaching of the gospel does always contain something new to the hearers. The apostle, in writing his letter, had not need to proclaim anew these tidings: the thing was done; it was his part only to keep them in remembrance of the duties consequent upon hearing these tidings. The term now used, 'gospel preacher,' is particularly improper; for there is no need of preaching the gospel to a Christian church: the members are supposed to have heard and received the gospel; but the explanation of the scripture, and the doctrines of our Saviour and his apostles, must always form an essential part of the service of a Christian community. Again, the gospel preachers among us are distinguished by an epithet singularly ill applied: for a gospel preacher is a messenger of good tidings; but these falsely-called gospel preachers are distinguished chiefly by the very bad report they make to their audience; and instead of good news and consolation, their discourses run chiefly upon hell, the devil, and eternal misery.

In the two other heads, equal precision is wanting, and consequently we are not surpris'd at being told, that—

'If we keep in view the great end of preaching, we will seldom choose to introduce into our discourses from the pulpit, the various controversies which have disturbed the peace of the Christian world.' P. 9.

In the next page, our author gives a curious reason for avoiding controversies in the pulpit—

'Our church, by the standards which she requires her ministers to subscribe, hath wisely provided for the uniformity of teaching, and for the peace of your minds. These standards contain the present truth, in which you have been educated, in which we trust you are established, from which we wish not to depart, and within the limits of which are contained numberless subjects of useful preaching.' P. 11.

The

The articles of the Scotch church contain a summary of the controversies which had prevailed for many hundred years; and as it is of importance that the ministers should believe in this summary, it should seem that their hearers also had an interest in them, and consequently should sometimes be made acquainted with the arguments on which the article was founded. It is certain also that Paul, a very distinguished preacher, did not think controversy of so little consequence; for we read of the frequent disputes which he had with great men, both in and out of the church.

We will, however, do our author the justice to say, that his preaching is confined entirely within the limits set down in his first discourse. He troubles his hearers with neither novelty nor controversy. The records of the church are not disturbed, nor are any difficult passages in scripture elucidated. Each sermon moves on the harmless tenor of its way, and, except the continued mistake of *shall* for *will*, and *will* for *shall*, seldom suggests any thing to arrest the attention of the scholar, the man of taste, or the divine.

The Influence of Local Attachment with respect to Home, a Poem. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Boards. Johnson. 1796.

THERE is no species of poetry which has so much enlarged the bounds of the art, as the didactic. Through its medium, subjects the most abstruse and metaphysical are presented to the mind, adorned with the charms of splendid diction; and the pleasure we take in the ornaments of style, is, on the other hand, heightened by the interest we feel in the display of important facts, or the artful arrangement of elaborate system. The *Local Attachment*, founded on the great law of association, seems to be not unhappily chosen for a poem of this kind,—either from the importance of the principle, or the pleasing illustrations of which it is susceptible. In no country can the subject be more interesting, as the very term of *home* is peculiarly English; the Englishman, from his retired and domestic disposition, requiring more, perhaps, than the inhabitant of most other countries, the comforts suggested by the term, and which are but awkwardly and imperfectly suggested by the *mon chez moi*, which our neighbours have lately adopted through pure necessity. Nor do we hesitate to pronounce that the poem is executed in such a manner, as to do credit to the author, and give pleasure to his readers. The verse is always elegant, often brilliant; a great deal of pleasing descriptive poetry is happily introduced in the various illustrations which present themselves; the stanza is well managed,

naged, and free from that monotony, which in feeble hands it is apt to sink into; and, on the whole, we look upon the author, whose modesty has forbidden him to favour the public with his name, as a respectable accession to the present generation of poets. Before, however, we indulge our readers with a specimen, we must mention a few things *per contra*.—Pleasing as the subject is, it is more susceptible of illustration than plan: the principle of association has been so often unfolded, that little remains to be said on the philosophical part of the subject; and the heads or divisions have often an air of formality and dryness; as, where the local attachment is noticed as displayed, *on the spot where it originates, during absence from that spot, and on return to that spot after absence*.

To relieve this meagreness of plan, as usual in didactic poems, a story is introduced, and as usual also, it is an extraneous and rather a heavy addition to the poem. Nor can we subscribe to the sentiment the story is meant to illustrate; for it is not agreeable to fact, that the horror of so deep a catastrophe should endear the spot where it happened, to the surviving sufferer; and we find, that, in real life, persons who are very susceptible of impressions from the imagination, are more apt to quit an abode where a great loss has been sustained, than to grow attached to it. The remembrance of deep anguish, though past, we love not to dwell upon. Another circumstance which we cannot but notice, is, that the author, led indeed by the nature of his subject, treads too nearly in the track of another beautiful poem, which is present to the minds of most of our readers; and in the notes, he has taken, even verbatim, from those on the *Pleasures of Memory*. It may be said, indeed, that these illustrations were drawn from common sources: but it is impossible, nevertheless, not to believe that one was the original to the other. The beauty of the following specimen will sufficiently justify our opinion of the author's abilities—

* Yes! o'er his acres the green barley-blade
 He values more than fields of clustering rice;
 And rather shapes his way thro' plashy glade
 Where crackles, at each step, the sheeted ice,
 Than mid gay groves of cassia, that entice
 The soul to pleasure, far diffusing balm:
 To him more dear the oak-crown'd precipice,
 Than the deep verdure of date-crested palm,
 Where all is lap'd in ease, one languor-breathing calm.

* To him more sweet thro' ashen woods to rove,
 As eddying winds the foliage round him whirl,

Than

Than cull the blossoms of an orange-grove
Skirted by rose-tree bowers, where rivulets purl
Mid basil tufts, and odorous breezes curl
The stream besprent with many a silver lot;e
While, on the smooth canal, light ships unfurl
Their sportive sails, and gently as they float,
Flutter the billing doves, and croud the neighbouring cote.

‘ While the gay-gilded mosque shines, half-conceal’d
By tamarinds and the broad-leav’d fycamore,
And, as beneath their trembling verdure veil’d,
Airs, Eden-born, delicious incense pour
Softening the fervours of the summer-hour !
While rich pomegranates bid their cooling seeds
To the parch’d palate a keen sense restore,
And, round each whispering islet of cane reeds,
Its melon’s grateful pulp the tepid water feeds.

‘ Not ivory palaces, their roofs inlaid
With massy gold, where thrones of coral glow
Starr’d with the gems of Ormuz ; not the shade
Ambrosial, waving its peach-flowers that blow
To pearly grapes, and kiss the turf below,
The genuine son of Albion could induce
His dairy-meads, his fallows to forego :
Not all the fruits, that bloom o’er every sluice,
Would, in his mind, outvie the redstreak’s vermeil juice.

‘ Nor, if to innocence a gentle smile
Beam, placid as the May’s mild morning-break ;
If, with a modest blush, to mark our isle,
Mantle to veins of azure the fair cheek ;
Are not the charms of foreign beauty weak,
Beauty, that wantons with voluptuous air ?
Can jetty ringlets that adorn the neck,
Sleek as they glisten to the sunny glare,
Rival, O Albion’s dames, your amber-brightening hair ?

‘ Yet pleasure views, and trembles at the gaze,
Those glossy tresses their luxuriance spread
To roseate essences ; the diamond-blaze
Of many a crescent on the turban’d head,
Or the pearl-lustre as by rainbows fed ;
The full dark eye ; the panting of the breast
Thro’ gauze that seems to kindle ; limbs that shed
Purpureal light by silken folds carest,
And the rich zone that checks the thin transparent vest.

‘ See, as the rose-lipt Almé weave the dance,
To melting airs they move, in amorous play ;

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Or, arch with nods and wreathed smiles, they glance
 Their nimble feet to frolic measures gay :
 The cymbal's notes to love new warmth convey :
 The burning aloe breathes its fragrance round.
 O'er all the light saloon with sparkling ray
 The diamond trembles to the dancer's bound,
 While with fantastic mirth the dizzy roofs resound.

' See glowing virgins lave the polished limb,
 What time they bid the musky bath exhale
 Its steaming odours, and along the brim
 The dalliance of the loves lascivious hail :
 Or, when the clear night wafts her cooling gale,
 See their fine forms, as eve's last colours die,
 Slow on the flower-embroider'd terrace sail ;
 While, glittering thro' its whole expanse, the sky
 With its deep azure shade relieves the wearied eye.

' Yes!—Home still charms : and he, who, clad in fur,
 His rapid rein-deer drives o'er plains of snow,
 Would rather to the same wild tracts recur
 That various life had mark'd with joy or woe,
 Than wander, where the spicy breezes blow
 To kiss the hyacinths of Azza's hair——
 Rather, than where luxuriant summers glow,
 To the white mosses of his hills repair
 And bid his antler-train the simple banquet share.

' All love their native spot ; whether beside
 Their ice-rib'd mountains thro' a waste of night,
 They catch the frost-gales from the stormy tide,
 And shiver to the boreal flashes bright ;
 Or, if the sun vouchsafe a noonday light,
 Hail, from the crags, his faint-reflected beams,
 And slide, o'er mouldering bridge, from height to height,
 Where pine, or ebony, or benreed gleams,
 To float their huge-hewn planks, along the gulphy streams :

' Or, whether blinded by the solar glare
 The moon-ey'd Indian amid poison'd dews
 Tainting the breeze, to balsam groves repair,
 And sleep, tho' venom many a plant diffuse :
 Or whether he who journeys o'er Peru's
 Re-echoing caverns, heap his ore, to pave
 The streets with ingots, oft as he pursues
 His burthen'd beast, to where the boiling wave
 Once swallow'd Lima's walls, a universal grave.

' E'en now, where rages red Vesuvio's flame,
 Scarce from the fluid rocks his offspring fly ;

Tho'

Tho' cities, strown around, of ancient name,
The monuments of former vengeance lie.
And we have mark'd the indissoluble tie
By which a myriad down the yawning gloom
Descended erst, as Etna fir'd the sky—
By which a myriad that escap'd the doom,
Cling to the sulphur'd spot, and clasp their comrade's
tomb.' P. 17.

A System of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology. By B. Harwood, M. D. F. R. S. and F. S. A. Professor of Anatomy in the University of Cambridge, &c. Fascic. I. 4to. B. and J. White. 1796.

WE have waited with much impatience for a work which has already excited the curiosity of scientific men. The university of Cambridge have afforded every liberal encouragement to their professor of anatomy in the prosecution of his researches; and a specimen of the result is before us. The first number, called by the author a Fasciculus, is composed of seventy-two pages of quarto letter press, nineteen of which are explanations of the plates; these last are executed by Heath, and taken from apparently accurate drawings.

The Preface and Dedication are deferred until the completion of the work, which is to be comprised in ten numbers, making two volumes. The Fasciculus which we are about to review, is divided into fourteen sections, forming a part of the first chapter, which is 'on the Brain, and Organs of Sense.' The first section is the Introduction, in which we do not meet with much novelty of thought, and less perspicuity of arrangement. An unfortunate metaphysical obscurity accompanies the first few passages; which, however, gradually cleared up as we proceeded: but our hopes of information were considerably damped, when we read, on the subject of the physiology of the brain—

'Abandoning the vain attempt, we flatter ourselves, that some resource is left to us in comparative anatomy; and indeed at first view it seems not at all improbable, that in different animals there should be some marked peculiarities in the structure of the brain, corresponding with their different habits and sagacities. Whatever our hopes or wishes may be; from this source little if any thing has hitherto been derived; nor have I advanced a single step beyond my predecessors.' P. 1.

This statement is, at least, modest spoken of himself; and a due tribute of praise is paid to the labours of Hunter, Camper, and Monro. The second section is on the brain particularly. The professor here arrives at a point wherein his own knowledge and experience is put to the test; and we are sorry to find reasons for suspecting that he has not been much in the habit of practical anatomy. He affirms that leeches, earth-worms, &c. have no brain; in each, however, he may discover a central mass of medullary substance in which all the nervous filaments meet. Neither is the observation 'that man possesses a much greater proportion of brain than any other animal,' a just one. Many small animals, such as mice and small birds, are evidences of the contrary.

The plates of Vicq. d'Azir are referred to; and Monro, Haller, Malpighi, and Willis, are quoted. We do not meet with any chemical analysis of the matter of brain, which we think a blamable omission. The third section commences the history of the Olfactory Nerves; and it is pursued through the remainder of the Fasciculus,—beginning with the Human Nose, and passing onward to the Herbivorous Quadruped,—the Carnivorous Quadruped,—the Olfactory Organs of Birds,—of Fishes, and of Amphibia. We then return to compare these severally with the same organ in man, and conclude with a physiological view of the Uses of the Sense of Smelling among Animals. The plates are fifteen in number, exhibiting views of the organs of smelling in some tribes of animals, but principally of the various arrangements and texture of bones in the cavities of the nose, as whether they are laminated or turbinated, whether with foramina or without; and upon these data our author decides his physiology in several classes of animals.—We think such grounds are infinitely too slight: and in many cases the correctness of the authors quoted is disputable. But lest the reader should suppose that we are biased in our criticism by a fondness for severe animadversion, rather than a love of justice, we will lay before him a few indiscriminate quotations, in order that he may be able to rate the professor's abilities for himself—

'The mode of connection between soul and body, and the agency of matter on spirit in the production of thought, are involved in impenetrable obscurity. Curiosity is eager to discover by what mechanism, distinct, and even opposite natures, can be united in the same creature; whilst a principle far more laudable, the desire of useful information, impels us to pursue the enquiry. If in matters of inferior importance, these motives be almost irresistible, can we wonder that men of distinguished ability, in every age,

age, have devoted so much time and thought to the investigation of the brain; that wonderful and anomalous organ, placed on the doubtful confines of the material and spiritual worlds?" P. 1.

'The sense of smelling is less acute in man, than in any animal of the same class. His nostril is relatively small, and the conchiform bones are not calculated to extend the sensitive surface, in any great degree. If, to remedy the defect, we suppose the size of the organ to be increased; and larger or more complex olfactory bones to be substituted, much inconvenience would result from the change. All the advantages which are derived from the spherical form of the head must be forfeited, to say nothing of the incalculable mischief, that would be sustained by the vocal organs. Again, if the nerve itself were endowed with a greater degree of sensibility, man would be subject to many evils from which he is now exempt, and receive no accession of instinctive power, for which experience and reason do not supply an equivalent.

'We conclude, therefore, that this sense is less acute in man, in consequence of the structure of the parts; that is, by the will of the Creator. Extreme subtilty of smell is essential neither to our subsistence, nor comfort, and has therefore yielded to considerations of greater importance.' P. 34.

To bring our critique to a close, we think that the professor of Cambridge deserves much commendation for this attempt at a work capable of being extended to so many useful purposes among men. We have judged freely of this part of his performance, and have committed ourselves unreservedly to the candid inquirer. We had really anticipated more new facts and observations in this almost unexplored field of inquiry than we have here met with. Neither the practical labours of the author, nor his reading, have been so extensive as we were led to expect. He has selected a variety of interesting and beautiful descriptions; they may lead to very extensive improvements or discoveries; but we cannot help thinking that the present state of anatomical knowledge would have admitted of a more ample scope in its first introduction. We are of opinion that if the author had begun at the opposite end of his subject, it would have been better. Instead of the brain and complex organs of sense coming first under this inquiry, we should have chosen for our plan, first—a view of all the component parts of a complicated animal, and their several specific properties;—then the peculiarities of animal matter, and the various phænomena of the living principle. Following this method, we should have naturally arrived first, at the consideration of simply constructed animals;—then the different

different kinds of organisation, such as organs of digestion, of conveying nutrition to the different parts of the body,—organs for motion, and loco motion,—organs of intelligence,—the brain,—the senses, &c. &c. We are, however, sensible of the importance of Dr. Harwood's labours, and rather wish to point out imperfections, than to condemn his work, which is very worthy of a place in the library of every medical gentleman.

Camilla: or, a Picture of Youth. By the Author of Evelina and Cecilia. 5 Vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. Sewed. Cadell and Davies. 1796.

THE province of the novellist has been too generally considered as among the very inferior departments of literature: and the only reason that can be assigned for so unjust a decision is, that it is more frequently attempted by incompetent persons than any other. For our own parts, we can discover no possible reason why an excellent production of this description should not be regarded with the same respect as any other work of imagination; and perhaps to frame a series of consistent incidents,—to display a variety of well-drawn characters,—to involve them in difficulties and embarrassments, and to extricate them by an ingenious, yet probable *denouement*,—may require powers of invention and fancy not inferior to those which are necessary to the construction of an epic poem, though the plot and incidents bear a relation only to the less dignified walks of private life. There indeed is one objection, which too commonly applies to works of this description, and from which the present, as well as the former productions of the excellent writer who is now under our animadversion, is not exempt; and that is, that, in these fictitious narratives, *love* is commonly represented as the main business of life. This is not true in fact, and it is not desirable that it should be impressed upon the minds of young persons; and yet it is much to be apprehended, that a novel without love, however moral and instructive it might be, would find but a very limited circulation.

In the literary circles which we have frequented, the observations upon the present work have in general turned on a comparison between this recent production, and the former works of our ingenious novellist; and this is a circumstance certainly in her favour; for great is the excellence of that writer, who appears without a competitor in the track that he has chosen to tread, and whose present exertions are only to be compared with his own former achievements in the lists of fame. We shall not, however, enter upon an estimate of the comparative merits of *Evelina*, *Cecilia*, or *Camilla*; they

have all their respective excellencies; and, according to the taste and habits of different readers, each will be preferred.

The heroine of the novel which now lies before us is the daughter of a respectable clergyman, the younger son of a baronet, whose elder brother (an old bachelor) having consumed his youth and health in the sports of the field, for which in the decline of life he has lost his relish, purchases an estate adjoining to the parsonage of Etherington, in order to spend the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family and relations. The partiality which in early life the old baronet, sir Hugh, conceives for his niece Camilla, induces him to declare her the heiress of his whole fortune; but from this design he is diverted by an accident which happens to her younger sister Eugenia, which deprives the latter of her beauty and her health, and of which sir Hugh considers himself as the cause. To make some amends for this injury, he revokes his former determination, and by a legal deed settles the whole of his property on his niece Eugenia. The character of the old baronet is excellently drawn; he is good-natured but ill-informed; well-meaning but capricious; and, ever sanguine in the pursuit of some favourite project, where he means to do a kindness he commonly only succeeds in producing some difficulty or embarrassment. Among the most curious of his projects, is that of commencing, at the age of fifty, that course of elementary studies which he had neglected in early life, and to the want of which he attributes whatever deficiency he experiences of happiness or respect. To this end he engages a doctor Orkborne, an old college acquaintance of his brother, to become his tutor; but after unsuccessfully attempting the Latin rudiments, he is induced to relinquish his plan; and that Dr. Orkborne may not be unemployed, his niece Eugenia is committed to his tuition. The mind of Eugenia is as perfect as her person is deformed; her progress in literature is great and rapid; and in the mean time the education of Camilla is not neglected by her excellent parents.

The principal incidents of the piece originate from a love attachment which takes place between Camilla and Edgar Mandlebert, a ward of her father's,—and the persecution which Eugenia undergoes from an unprincipled fortune-hunter, who, attracted by the report of her great expectancies, pursues her by various stratagems, and at last succeeds. The character of Camilla is that of an accomplished and attractive female, always actuated by the best principles, but whose liveliness of temper, and unguarded and unsuspecting nature are constantly exposing her to the most perplexing embarrassments. Edgar is a young man of strict conduct and principles, but whose penetration

penetration degenerates into suspicion, and his love of virtue into austerity. He is therefore led to put the most unfavourable construction on the juvenile errors of Camilla, and is on the point of sacrificing the happiness of both to the most unfounded jealousy. The scene of action is principally at Cleves, the mansion of sir Hugh,—and at Tunbridge and Southampton, where the folly and inanity of a watering-place are excellently depicted and exposed. The other characters, which serve to fill up the plot, are, Miss Margland, a fashionable governess,—Indiana Lynmere her fashionable pupil,—Clermont Lynmere a modern spendthrift,—Lionel the brother of Camilla, who affords, we fear, too just a picture of the conduct of young men at our universities,—Mrs. Arlbery and Mrs. Berlinton, two women of fashion, with whom Camilla forms an intimacy,—sir Sedley Clarendel, a fashionable coxcomb,—Mr. Dubster and Mrs. Mittin, two vulgar citizens,—Melmond a romantic student,—lord O'Lerny a respectable peer,—his relation lady Isabella Irby,—and a group of officers, &c. who attend the ladies in their different excursions. We shall not anticipate any further the story, but shall proceed to lay a few extracts before our readers, though it is not easy to find passages so much detached from the thread of the narrative, as not to lose materially by the separation.

The following extracts contain an excellent and well-merited censure of modern customs, and as excellent a display of human life—

A Public Breakfast.—‘The unfitting, however customary, occasion of this speedy repetition of public amusement in the town of Northwick, was, that the county assizes were now held there; and the arrival of the judges of the land, to hear causes which kept life or death suspended, was the signal for entertainment to the surrounding neighbourhood: a hardening of human feelings against human crimes and human miseries, at which reflection revolts, however habit may persevere.

‘The young men, who rode on first, joined the ladies as they entered the town, and told them to drive straight to the ball-room, where the company had assembled, in consequence of a shower of rain which had forced them from the public garden intended for the breakfast.

‘Here, as they stopt, a poor woman, nearly in rags, with one child by her side, and another in her arms, approached the carriage, and presenting a petition, besought the ladies to read or hear her case. Eugenia, with the ready impulse of generous affluence, instantly felt for her purse; but Miss Margland, angrily holding her hand, said, with authority: “Miss Eugenia, never encourage beggars; you don’t know the mischief you may do by it.” Eugenia

nia reluctantly desisted, but made a sign to her footman to give something for her. Edgar then alighting, advanced to hand them from the coach, while Lionel ran forward to settle their tickets of admittance.

‘The woman now grew more urgent in her supplications, and Miss Margland in her remonstrances against attending to them.

‘Indiana, who was placed under the care of Edgar, enchanted to again display herself where sure of again being admired, neither heard nor saw the petitioner; but dimpling and smiling, quickened her motions towards the assembly room: while Camilla, who was last, stopping short, said; “What is the matter, poor woman?” and took her paper to examine.

‘Miss Margland, snatching it from her, threw it on the ground, peremptorily saying: “Miss Camilla, if once you begin such a thing as that, there will be no end to it; so come along with the rest of your company, like other people.”

‘She then haughtily proceeded; but Camilla, brought up by her admirable parents never to pass distress without inquiry, nor to refuse giving at all, because she could give but little, remained with the poor object, and repeated her question. The woman, shedding a torrent of tears, said she was wife to one of the prisoners who was to be tried the next day, and who expected to lose his life, or be transported, for only one bad action of stealing a leg of mutton; which, though she knew it to be a sin, was not without excuse, being a first offence, and committed in poverty and sickness. And this, she was told, the judges would take into consideration; but her husband was now so ill, that he could not feed on the gaol allowance, and not having wherewithal to buy any other, would either die before his trial, or be too weak to make known his sad story in his own behalf, for want of some wine or some broth to support him in the meanwhile.

‘Camilla, hastily giving her a shilling, took one of her petitions, and promising to do all in her power to serve her, left the poor creature almost choaked with sobbing joy. She was flying to join her party, when she perceived Edgar at her side. “I came to see,” cried he, with glistening eyes, “if you were running away from us; but you were doing far better in not thinking of us at all.”

‘Camilla, accustomed from her earliest childhood to attend to the indigent and unhappy, felt neither retreating shame, nor parading pride in the office; she gave him the petition of the poor woman, and begged he would consider if there was any thing that could be done for her husband.

“I had received a paper from herself,” he answered, “before you alighted; and I hope I should not have neglected it: but I will now take yours, that my memory may run no risk.”

‘They then went on to the assembly room.’ Vol. i. p. 190.

The title of the succeeding chapter is, 'A Raffle;' and in their progress the following scene occurs—

'They were advanced within half a mile of Northwick, when a sick man, painfully supported by a woman with a child in her arms, caught their eyes. The ready hand of Eugenia was immediately in her pocket; Camilla, looking more intently upon the group, perceived another child, and presently recognised the wife of the prisoner. She called to the coachman to stop, and Edgar, at the same moment, rode up to the carriage.

'Miss Margland angrily ordered the man to drive on, saying, she was quite sick of being thus for ever infested with beggars; who really came so often, they were no better than pick-pockets.

"O, don't refuse to let me speak to them!" cried Camilla; "it will be such a pleasure to see their joy!"

"O yes! they look in much joy indeed! they seem as if they had not eat a morsel these three weeks! Drive on, I say, coachman! I like no such melancholy sights, for my part. They always make me ill. I wonder how any body can bear them."

"But we may help them; we may assist them!" said Camilla, with increasing earnestness.

"And pray, when they have got all our money, who is to help us?"

'Eugenia, delighted to give, but unhabituated to any other exertion, flung half a crown to them; and Indiana, begging to look out, said, "Dear! I never saw a prisoner before!"

'Encouraged by an expressive look from Camilla, Edgar dismounted to hand her from the carriage, affecting not to hear the remonstrances of Miss Margland, though she scrupled not to deliver them very audibly. Eugenia languished to join them, but could not venture to disobey a direct command; and Indiana, observing the road to be very dusty, submitted, to save a pair of beautiful new shoes.

'Camilla had all the gratification she promised herself, in witnessing the happiness of the poor petitioner. He was crawling to Cleves, with his family, to offer thanks. They were penniless, sick, and wretched; yet the preservation of the poor man seemed to make misery light to them all. Edgar desired to know what were their designs for the future. The man answered that he should not dare go back to his own country, because there his disgrace was known, and he should procure no work; nor, indeed, was he now able to do any. "So we must make up our minds to beg from door to door, and in the streets, and on the high road," he continued; "till I get back a little strength; and can earn a living more creditably."

"But as long as we have kept you alive, and saved you from being transported," said his wife, "for which all thanks be due to this

this good gentleman, we shall mind no hardships, and never go astray again, in wicked unthinkingness of this great mercy."

Edgar inquired what had been their former occupations; they answered, they had both been day-workers in the field, till a fit of sickness had hindered the poor man from getting his livelihood: penury and hunger then pressing hard upon them all, he had been tempted to commit the offence for which he was taken, and brought to death's door. "But as now," he added, "I have been saved, I shall make it a warning for the time to come, and never give myself up to so bad a course again."

Edgar asked the woman what money she had left.

"Ah, sir, none! for we had things to pay, and people to satisfy, and so every thing you and the good ladies gave us, is all gone; for, while any thing was left us, they would not be easy. But this is no great mischief now, as my husband is not taken away from us, and is come to a right sense."

"I believe," said Edgar, "you are very good sort of people, however distress had misguided you."

He then put something into the man's hand, and Eugenia, who from the carriage window heard what passed, flung him another half crown; Camilla added a shilling, and turning suddenly away, walked a few paces from them all.

Edgar, gently following, inquired if any thing was the matter; her eyes were full of tears: "I was thinking," she cried, "what my dear father would have said, had he seen me giving half a guinea for a toy, and a shilling to such poor starving people as these!"

"Why, what would he have said?" cried Edgar, charmed with her penitence, though joining in the apprehended censure.

"He would more than ever have pitied those who want money, in seeing it so squandered by one who should better have remembered his lessons! O, if I could but recover that half guinea!"
Vol. i. p. 226.

The admirable instructions of a father to a daughter, on her first entrance into life, we willingly insert for the benefit of our young readers. The chapter which contains them, is entitled 'A Sermon;' and such they are in reality.

For Miss Camilla Tyrol.

"It is not my intention to enumerate, my dear Camilla, the many blessings of your situation; your heart is just and affectionate, and will not forget them: I mean but to place before you your immediate duties, satisfied that the review will ensure their performance.

Unused to, because undeserving control, your days, to this period, have been as gay as your spirits. It is now first that your tranquillity is ruffled; it is now, therefore, that your fortitude has its first debt to pay for its hitherto happy exemption.

'Those

‘ Those who weigh the calamities of life only by the positive, the substantial, or the irremediable mischiefs which they produce, regard the first sorrows of early youth as too trifling for compassion. They do not enough consider that it is the suffering, not its abstract cause, which demands human commiseration. The man who loses his whole fortune, yet possesses firmness, philosophy, a disdain of ambition, and an accommodation to circumstances, is less an object of contemplative pity, than the person who, without one real deprivation, one actual evil, is first, or is suddenly forced to recognise the fallacy of a cherished and darling hope.

‘ That its foundation has always been shallow is no mitigation of disappointment to him who had only viewed it in its superstructure. Nor is its downfall less terrible to its visionary elevator, because others had seen it from the beginning as a folly or a chimera; its dissolution should be estimated, not by its romance in the unimpassioned examination of a rational looker on, but by its believed promise of felicity to its credulous projector.

‘ Is my Camilla in this predicament? had she wove her own destiny in the speculation of her wishes? Alas! to blame her, I must first forget, that delusion, while in force, has all the semblance of reality, and takes the same hold upon the faculties as truth. Nor is it till the spell is broken, till the perversion of reason and error of judgment become wilful, that Scorn ought to point “its finger” or Censure its severity.

‘ But of this I have no fear. The love of right is implanted indelibly in your nature, and your own peace is as dependant as mine and as your mother’s upon its constant culture.

‘ Your conduct hitherto has been committed to yourself. Satisfied with establishing your principles upon the adamant pillars of religion and conscience, we have not feared leaving you the entire possession of general liberty. Nor do I mean to withdraw it, though the present state of your affairs, and what for some time past I have painfully observed of your precipitance, oblige me to add partial counsel to standing precept, and exhortation to advice. I shall give them, however, with diffidence, fairly acknowledging and blending my own perplexities with yours.

‘ The temporal destiny of woman is enwrap in still more impenetrable obscurity than that of man. She begins her career by being involved in all the worldly accidents of a parent; she continues it by being associated in all that may environ a husband: and the difficulties arising from this doubly appendant state, are augmented by the next to impossibility, that the first dependance should pave the way for the ultimate. What parent yet has been gifted with the foresight to say, “I will educate my daughter for the station to which she shall belong?” Let us even suppose that station to be fixed by himself, rarely as the chances of life authorise such a presumption; his daughter all duty, and the partner of his own selection

selection solicitous of the alliance: is he at all more secure he has provided even for her external welfare? What, in this sublunary existence, is the state from which she shall neither rise or fall? Who shall say that in a few years, a few months, perhaps less, the situation in which the prosperity of his own views has placed her, may not change for one more humble than he has fitted her for enduring, or more exalted than he has accomplished her for sustaining? The conscience, indeed, of the father is not responsible for events, but the infelicity of the daughter is not less a subject of pity.

‘Again, if none of these outward and obvious vicissitudes occur, the proper education of a female, either for use or for happiness, is still to seek, still a problem beyond human solution; since its refinement, or its negligence, can only prove to her a good or an evil, according to the humour of the husband into whose hands she may fall. If fashioned to shine in the great world, he may deem the metropolis all turbulence; if endowed with every resource for retirement, he may think the country distasteful. And though her talents, her acquirements, may in either of these cases be set aside, with an only silent regret of wasted youth and application; the turn of mind which they have induced, the appreciation which they have taught of time, of pleasure, or of utility, will have nurtured inclinations and opinions not so ductile to new sentiments and employments, and either submission becomes a hardship, or resistance generates dissention.

‘If such are the parental embarrassments, against which neither wisdom nor experience can guard, who should view the filial without sympathy and tenderness?

‘You have been brought up, my dear child, without any specific expectation. Your mother and myself, mutually deliberating upon the uncertainty of the female fate, determined to educate our girls with as much simplicity as is compatible with instruction, as much docility for various life as may accord with invariable principles, and as much accommodation with the world at large, as may combine with a just distinction of selected society. We hoped, thus, should your lots be elevated, to secure you from either exulting arrogance, or bashful insignificance; or should they, as is more probable, be lowly, to instil into your understandings and characters such a portion of intellectual vigour as should make you enter into an humbler scene without debasement, helplessness, or repining.

‘It is now, Camilla, we must demand your exertions in return. Let not these cares, to fit you for the world as you may find it, be utterly annihilated from doing you good, by the uncombated sway of an unavailing, however well placed attachment.

‘We will not here canvass the equity of that freedom by which women as well as men should be allowed to dispose of their own

affections. There cannot, in nature, in theory, nor even in common sense, be a doubt of their equal right: but disquisitions on this point will remain rather curious than important, till the speculatist can superinduce to the abstract truth of the position some proof of its practicability.

‘ Meanwhile, it is enough for every modest and reasonable young woman to consider, that where there are two parties, choice can belong only to one of them: and then let her call upon all her feelings of delicacy, all her notions of propriety, to decide: since man must choose woman, or woman man, which should come forward to make the choice? Which should retire to be chosen?

‘ A prepossession directed towards a virtuous and deserving object wears, in its first approach, the appearance of a mere tribute of justice to merit. It seems, therefore, too natural, perhaps too generous, to be considered either as a folly or a crime. It is only its encouragement where it is not reciprocal, that can make it incur the first epithet, or where it ought not to be reciprocal that can brand it with the second. With respect to this last, I know of nothing to apprehend:—with regard to the first—I grieve to wound my dearest Camilla, yet where there has been no subject for complaint, there can have been none for expectation.

‘ Struggle then against yourself as you would struggle against an enemy. Refuse to listen to a wish, to dwell even upon a possibility, that opens to your present idea of happiness. All that in future may be realised probably hangs upon this conflict. I mean not to propose to you in the course of a few days to reinstate yourself in the perfect security of a disengaged mind. I know too much of the human heart to be ignorant that the acceleration, or delay, must depend upon circumstance: I can only require from you what depends upon yourself, a steady and courageous warfare against the two dangerous underminers of your peace and of your fame, imprudence and impatience. You have champions with which to encounter them that cannot fail of success,—good sense and delicacy.

‘ Good sense will shew you the power of self-conquest, and point out its means. It will instruct you to curb those unguarded movements which lay you open to the strictures of others. It will talk to you of those boundaries which custom forbids your sex to pass, and the hazard of any individual attempt to transgress them. It will tell you, that where allowed only a negative choice, it is your own best interest to combat against a positive wish. It will bid you, by constant occupation, vary those thoughts that now take but one direction, and multiply those interests which now recognise but one object: and it will soon convince you, that it is not strength of mind which you want, but reflection, to obtain a strict and unremitting control over your passions.

‘ This last word will pain, but let it not shock you. You have

no

no passions, my innocent girl, at which you need blush, though enough at which I must tremble!—For in what consists your constraint, your forbearance? your wish is your guide, your impulse is your action. Alas! never yet was mortal created so perfect, that every wish was virtuous, or every impulse wise!

‘Does a secret murmur here demand: if a discerning predilection is no crime, why, internally at least, may it not be cherished? whom can it injure or offend, that, in the hidden recesses of my own breast, I nourish superior preference of superior worth?’

‘This is the question with which every young woman beguiles her fancy; this is the common but seductive opiate, with which inclination lulls reason.’

‘The answer may be safely comprised in a brief appeal to her own breast.’

‘I do not desire her to be insensible to merit; I do not even demand she should confine her social affections to her own sex, since the most innocent esteem is equally compatible, though not equally general with ours: I require of her simply, that, in her secret hours, when pride has no dominion, and disguise would answer no purpose, she will ask herself this question, “Could I calmly hear that this elect of my heart was united to another? Were I to be informed that the indissoluble knot was tied, which annihilates all my own future possibilities, would the news occasion me no affliction?” This, and this alone, is the test by which she may judge the danger, or the harmlessness of her attachment.’

‘I have now endeavoured to point out the obligations which you may owe to good sense. Your obligations to delicacy will be but their consequence.’

‘Delicacy is an attribute so peculiarly feminine, that were your reflections less agitated by your feelings, you could delineate more distinctly than myself its appropriate laws, its minute exactions, its sensitive refinements. Here, therefore, I seek but to bring back to your memory what livelier sensations have inadvertently driven from it.’

‘You may imagine, in the innocence of your heart, that what you would rather perish than utter can never, since untold, be suspected: and, at present, I am equally sanguine in believing no surmise to have been conceived where most it would shock you: yet credit me when I assure you, that you can make no greater mistake, than to suppose that you have any security beyond what sedulously you must earn by the most indefatigable vigilance. There are so many ways of communication independent of speech, that silence is but one point in the ordinances of discretion. You have nothing, in so modest a character, to apprehend from vanity or presumption; you may easily, therefore, continue the guardian of your own dignity: but you must keep in mind, that our perceptions want but little quickening to discern what may flatter them;

them; and it is mutual to either sex to be to no gratification so alive, as to that of a conscious ascendance over the other.

‘ Nevertheless, the female who, upon the softening blandishment of an undisguised prepossession, builds her expectation of its reciprocity, is, in common, most cruelly deceived. It is not that she has failed to awaken tenderness; but it has been tenderness without respect: nor yet that the person thus elated has been insensible to flattery; but it has been a flattery to raise himself, not its exciter in his esteem. The partiality which we feel inspires diffidence: that which we create has a contrary effect. A certainty of success in many destroys, in all weakens, its charm: the bashful excepted, to whom it gives courage; and the indolent, to whom it saves trouble.

‘ Carefully, then, beyond all other care, shut up every avenue by which a secret which should die untold can further escape you. Avoid every species of particularity; neither shun nor seek any intercourse apparently; and in such meetings as general prudence may render necessary, or as accident may make inevitable, endeavour to behave with the same open esteem as in your days of unconsciousness. The least unusual attention would not be more suspicious to the world, than the least undue reserve to the subject of our discussion. Coldness or distance could only be imputed to resentment; and resentment, since you have received no offence, how, should it be investigated, could you vindicate? or how, should it be passed in silence, secure from being attributed to pique and disappointment?

‘ There is also another motive, important to us all, which calls for the most rigid circumspection. The person in question is not merely amiable; he is also rich: mankind at large, therefore, would not give merely to a sense of excellence any obvious predilection. This hint will, I know, powerfully operate upon your disinterested spirit.

‘ Never from personal experience may you gather, how far from soothing, how wide from honourable, is the species of compassion ordinarily diffused by the discovery of an unreturned female regard. That it should be felt unsought may be considered as a mark of discerning sensibility; but that it should be betrayed uncalled for, is commonly, however ungenerously, imagined rather to indicate ungoverned passions, than refined selection. This is often both cruel and unjust; yet, let me ask—Is the world a proper confidant for such a secret? Can the woman who has permitted it to go abroad, reasonably demand that consideration and respect from the community, in which she has been wanting to herself? To me it would be unnecessary to observe, that her indiscretion may have been the effect of an inadvertence which owes its origin to artlessness, not to forwardness: she is judged by those, who, hardened in the ways of men, accustom themselves to trace in evil every motive

motive to action; or by those, who, preferring ridicule to humanity, seek rather to amuse themselves wittily with her susceptibility, than to feel for its innocence and simplicity.

‘ In a state of utter constraint, to appear natural is, however, an effort too difficult to be long sustained; and neither precept, example, nor disposition, have enured my poor child to the performance of any studied part. Discriminate, nevertheless, between hypocrisy and discretion. The first is a vice; the second a conciliation to virtue. It is the bond that keeps society from disunion; the veil that shades our weakness from exposure, giving time for that interior correction, which the publication of our infirmities would else, with respect to mankind, make of no avail.

‘ It were better no doubt, worthier, nobler, to meet the scrutiny of our fellow-creatures by consent, as we encounter, per force, the all-viewing eye of our Creator: but since for this we are not sufficiently without blemish, we must allow to our unstable virtues all the encouragement that can prop them. The event of discovered faults is more frequently callousness than amendment; and propriety of example is as much a duty to our fellow-creatures, as purity of intention is a debt to ourselves.

‘ To delicacy, in fine, your present exertions will owe their future recompence, be your ultimate lot in life what it may. Should you, in the course of time, belong to another, you will be shielded from the regret that a former attachment had been published; or should you continue mistress of yourself, from a blush that the world is acquainted it was not by your choice.

‘ I shall now conclude this little discourse by calling upon you to annex to whatever I have offered you of precept, the constant remembrance of your mother for example.

‘ In our joint names, therefore, I adjure you, my dearest Camilla, not to embitter the present innocence of your suffering by imprudence that may attach to it censure, nor by indulgence that may make it fasten upon your vitals! Imprudence cannot but end in the demolition of that dignified equanimity, and modest propriety, which we wish to be uniformly remarked as the attributes of your character: and indulgence, by fixing, may envenom a dart that as yet may be gently withdrawn, from a wound which kindness may heal, and time may close; but which, if neglected, may wear away, in corroding disturbance, all your life's comfort to yourself, and all its social purposes to your friends and to the world.’
AUGUSTUS TYROLD.—Vol. iii. p. 59.

The following scene, which occurs in a booth of dancing monkeys at Tunbridge, is excellent—

‘ In a few minutes, the performers were ready for a new exhibition. They were dressed up as soldiers, who, headed by a corporal, came forward to do their exercises.

‘ Mrs. Arlbery, laughing, told the general, as he was upon duty,

he should himself take the command: the general, a pleasant, yet cool and sensible man, did not laugh less; but the ensign, more warm tempered, and wrong headed, seeing a feather in a monkey's cap, of the same colour, by chance, as in his own, fired with hasty indignation, and rising, called out to the master of the booth: "What do you mean by this, sir? do you mean to put an affront upon our corps?"

"The man, startled, was going most humbly to protest his innocence of any such design; but the laugh raised against the ensign amongst the audience gave him more courage, and he only simpered without speaking.

"What do you mean by grinning at me, sir?" said Macdersey; "do you want me to cane you?"

"Cane me!" cried the man enraged, "by what rights?"

"Macdersey, easily put off all guard, was stepping over the benches, with his cane uplifted, when his next neighbour, tightly holding him, said, in a half whisper, "If you'll take my advice, you'd a deal better provoke him to strike the first blow."

"Macdersey, far more irritated by this counsel than by the original offence, fiercely looked back, calling out "The first blow! What do you mean by that, sir?"

"No offence, sir," answered the person, who was no other than the slow and solemn Mr. Dubster; "but only to give you a hint for your own good; for if you strike first, being in his own house, as one may say, he may take the law of you."

"The law!" repeated the fiery ensign; "the law was made for poltroons: a man of honour does not know what it means."

"If you talk at that rate, sir," said Dubster, in a low voice, "it may bring you into trouble."

"And who are you, sir, that take upon you the presumption to give me your opinion."

"Who am I, sir? I am a gentlemen, if you must needs know."

"A gentleman! who made you so?"

"Who made me so? why leaving off business! what would you have make me so? you may tell me if you are any better, if you come to that."

"Macdersey, of an ancient and respectable family, incensed past measure, was turning back upon Mr. Dubster; when the general, taking him gently by the hand, begged he would recollect himself.

"That's very true, sir, very true, general!" cried he, profoundly bowing; "what you say is very true. I have no right to put myself into a passion before my superior officer, unless he puts me into it himself; in which case 'tis his own fault. So I beg your pardon, general, with all my heart. And I'll go out of the booth without another half syllable. But if ever I detect any of those monkies mocking us, and wearing our feathers, when you a'n't by, I sha'n't put up with it so mildly. I hope you'll excuse me, general." *Voi. iii. P. 244.*

The

The observations of lord O'Lerney, on those sinks of folly, vice, and infamy—watering places, are truly deserving the attention of parents—

“ I should be glad,” continued his lordship, “ to hear this young lady were either well established, or returned to her friends without becoming an object of public notice. A young woman is no where so rarely respectable, or respected, as at these water-drinking places, if seen at them either long or often. The search of pleasure and dissipation, at a spot consecrated for restoring health to the sick, the infirm, and the suffering, carries with it an air of egotism, that does not give the most pleasant idea of the feeling and disposition.”

“ Yet, may not the sick, my lord, be rather amended than hurt by the sight of gaiety around them ?”

“ Yes, my dear lady Isabella ; and the effect, therefore, I believe to be beneficial. But as this is not the motive why the young and the gay seek these spots, it is not here they will find themselves most honoured. And the mixture of pain and illness with splendor and festivity, is so unnatural, that probably it is to that we must attribute that a young woman is no where so hardly judged. If she is without fortune, she is thought a female adventurer, seeking to sell herself for its attainment ; if she is rich, she is supposed a willing dupe, ready for a snare, and only looking about for an ensnarer.”

“ And yet, young women seldom, I believe, my lord, merit this severity of judgment. They come but hither in the summer, as they go to London in the winter, simply in search of amusement, without any particular purpose.”

“ True ; but they do not weigh what their observers weigh for them, that the search of public recreation in the winter is, from long habit, permitted without censure ; but that the summer has not, as yet, prescription so positively in its favour ; and those who, after meeting them all the winter at the opera, and all the spring at Ranelagh, hear of them all the summer at Cheltenham, Tunbridge, &c. and all the autumn at Bath, are apt to inquire, when is the season for home.”

“ Ah, my lord ! how wide are the poor inconsiderate little flutters from being aware of such a question ! How necessary to youth and thoughtlessness is the wisdom of experience !”

“ Why does she not come this way ?” thought Edgar ; why does she not gather from these mild, yet understanding moralists, instruction that might benefit all her future life ?

“ There is nothing,” said lord O'Lerney, “ I more sincerely pity than the delusions surrounding young females. The strongest admirers of their eyes are frequently the most austere satirists of their conduct.” Vol. iii. p. 348.

From these specimens, the public will perceive that they will not only derive much entertainment but instruction from the perusal of these volumes. One fault we must recommend to Mrs. D'Arblay, to correct, in a *future edition*,—and it is a fault which we also discovered in perusing her *Evelina*:—her female characters are *too young* to act the part which she assigns them. The errors of Camilla are not errors in one who is almost a child,—and the wisdom, knowledge, and prudence of Eugenia at fifteen, are preposterous.—This objection, however, may be easily removed; and it does not affect the merit of the work, as an admirable picture of modern life.

An Enquiry how far the Punishment of Death is necessary in Pennsylvania. With Notes and Illustrations. By William Bradford, Esq. To which is added, an Account of the Goal and Penitentiary House of Philadelphia, and of the interior Management thereof. By Caleb Lownes, of Philadelphia. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Johnson. 1795.

THERE is scarcely any topic which has been discussed with more good sense and rational philosophy than the imperfect and sanguinary state of criminal legislation in most of the governments of Europe.

Some attempts have been made to infuse principles of amelioration into the frightful mass of penal law:—the criminal code of Tuscany, in particular, presents a gratifying specimen of the success which has attended such efforts, under the auspices of a judicious prince:—still, however, those countries, where the evil exists in its greatest magnitude, have hitherto declined to adopt a successful example of practical remedy; and the well-informed professors of English jurisprudence, while they have admired the principles and admitted the conclusions of a Montesquieu and a Beccaria, have yet neglected to urge with spirit and perseverance the necessity of a reform in a part of the system, notoriously defective in discrimination, and which, to descriptions of offence most shockingly numerous, applies the awful punishment of death.

In several of the states of America, the reform of the criminal law seems to have become an object of very serious attention: the plans adopted for that purpose, the practical assiduity with which they have been pursued, and the degrees in which they promise success, may be collected from the present publication. The author (William Bradford, esq.) is stated, in the Advertisement to the present edition, to be the gentleman

gentleman who was formerly attorney-general to the state of Pennsylvania, and who now fills the same office for the United States.

In the Advertisement to the Philadelphia edition of this work, its origin and scope are thus related—

‘ The following Memoir was written at the request, and presented to the governor of Pennsylvania, on the third day of last December. The nature of this communication, as well as the necessity of completing it by that day, required brevity ; and a more extended view of the subject was, on many accounts, inexpedient. Hence, some information, which might have been proper in a work designed for general circulation, was suppressed, and the experience of other countries was rather glanced at than explained.

‘ It having been thought advisable to publish this Memoir in its present form, an opportunity was afforded the writer of making such additions as his other avocations would permit. Further time would have enabled him to furnish more accurate and particular information of the experience of the other states : but those who have interested themselves in this publication, think it ought not to be any longer delayed.

‘ The additional information might have been advantageously blended with the original memoir : but as the senate of the commonwealth have honoured that work, by placing it on their journals, there was a propriety in keeping it distinct. The new matter is therefore thrown into the form of notes and illustrations at the end of the memoir ; a few paragraphs only, necessary to introduce the notes, being added to the text.

‘ Although the world has seen a profusion of theory on the subject of the criminal law, it is to be regretted that so few writers have been solicitous “ to throw the light of experience upon it.” To supply, in some measure, this defect ; to collect the scattered rays which the juridical history of our own and other countries afford, and to examine how far the maxims of philosophy abide the test of experiment, have, therefore, been the leading objects of this work. The facts adduced, are stated with as much brevity as was consistent with clearness ; and, as accuracy was indispensable, none have been lightly assumed, and few without a coincidence of authorities.

‘ *Philadelphia, Feb. 26, 1793.* P. 3.

The track which is here so intelligently pointed out, has happily been found to lead to the most salutary and desirable improvement in the criminal jurisprudence of several of the American states.

That

That Mr. Bradford *, while he has bestowed on this subject the practical attention of a magistrate, has also treated it with the spirit and precision of a philosopher, will appear from the following extracts—

‘ If capital punishments are abolished, their place must be supplied by solitary imprisonment, hard labor, or stripes : and it has been often urged, that the apprehension of these would be more terrible and impressive than death. This may be the case where great inequality is established between the citizens, where the oppressions of the great drive the lower classes of society into penury and despair, where education is neglected, manners ferocious, and morals depraved. In such countries—and such there are in Europe—the prospect of death can be no restraint to the wretch whose life is of so little account, and who willingly risks it to better his condition. But in a nation where every man is, or may be a proprietor, where labor is bountifully rewarded, and existence is a blessing of which the poorest citizen feels the value, it cannot be denied, that death is considered as the heaviest punishment the law can inflict. The impression it makes on the public mind is visible when a criminal is tried for his life. We see it in the general expectation—in the numbers that throng the place of trial—in the looks of the prisoner—in the anxious attention and long deliberation of the jury, and in the awful silence which prevails while the verdict is given in by their foreman. All these announce the inestimable value which is set on the life of a citizen. But the reverse of this takes place when imprisonment at hard labour is the punishment, and the minds of all present are free from the weight, which oppresses them during a trial of a capital charge. The dread of death is natural, universal, impressive : and destruction is an idea so simple that all can comprehend and estimate it : while the punishment of imprisonment and hard labor, secluded from common observation, and consisting of many parts, requires to be contemplated or felt, before its horrors can be realized.

‘ But, while this truth is admitted in the abstract, it cannot be denied, that the terror of death is often so weakened by the hopes of impunity, that the less punishment seems a curb as strong as the greater. The prospect of escaping detection, and the hopes of an acquittal or pardon, blunt its operation, and defeat the expectations of the legislature. Experience proves that these hopes are wonderfully strong, and they often give birth to the most fatal rashness. Through the violence of the temptation the offender overlooks the punishment, or sees it “in distant obscurity.” Few, who contem-

* It is with regret we find the death of so worthy and intelligent a character announced in recent accounts from America.

plate the commission of a crime, deliberately count the cost.
P. 7.

‘ In no country can the experiment be made with so much safety, and such probability of success, as in the United States. In the old and corrupted governments of Europe, especially in the larger states, a reform in the criminal law has real difficulties to encounter. The multitude of offenders, the unequal state of society, the ignorance, poverty and wretchedness of the lower class of the people, corruption of morals, and habits and manners formed under sanguinary laws, make a sudden relaxation of punishment, in those countries, a dangerous experiment. But in America every thing invites to it: and strangers have expressed their surprise, that we should still retain the severe code of criminal law, which, during our connection with Britain, we copied from her. “ I am surprised, says a late traveller through America, that the penalty of death is not abolished in this country, where morals are so pure, the means of living so abundant, and misery so rare, that there can be no need of such horrid pains to prevent the commission of crimes.” That these punishments ought to be greatly lessened, if not totally abolished, is the opinion of many of the most enlightened men in America: among these I may be allowed to mention the respectable names of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Wythe, and Mr. Pendleton, of Virginia, who, as a committee of revision, in their report to the general assembly of that state, recommended the abolition of capital punishments in all cases but those of treason and murder: a proposal, which, unfortunately for the interests of humanity, was rejected in the legislature by a single vote.’ P. 12.

The production before us, though not bulky, may be considered as truly important: and we conceive that our readers will be gratified by a larger extract, containing a very interesting ‘ Historical View of the Criminal Law of Pennsylvania.’

‘ It was the policy of Great Britain to keep the laws of the colonies in unison with those of the mother country. This principle extended not only to the regulation of property, but even to the criminal code. The royal charter to William Penn directs, That the laws of Pennsylvania “ respecting felonies, should be the same with those of England, until altered by the acts of the future legislature,” who are enjoined to make these acts “ as near, as conveniently may be, to those of England:” and in order to prevent too great a departure, duplicates of all acts are directed to be transmitted, once in five years, for the royal approbation or dissent.

‘ The natural tendency of this policy was to overwhelm an infant colony, thinly inhabited, with a mass of sanguinary punishments hardly endurable in an old, corrupted and populous country. But the founder of the province was a philosopher, whose
elevated

elevated mind rose above the errors and prejudices of his age, like a mountain, whose summit is enlightened by the first beams of the sun, while the plains are still covered with mists and darkness. He comprehended, at once, all the absurdity of such a system. In an age of religious intolerance he destroyed every restraint upon the rights of conscience, and insured not merely toleration, but absolute protection, to every religion under heaven. He abolished the ancient oppression of forfeitures for self-murder, and deodands in all cases of homicide. He saw the wickedness of exterminating where it was possible to reform; and the folly of capital punishments in a country where he hoped to establish purity of morals and innocence of manners. As a philosopher he wished to extend the empire of reason and humanity; and, as a leader of a sect, he might recollect that the infliction of death, in cold blood, could hardly be justified by those who denied the lawfulness of defensive war. He hastened, therefore, to prevent the operation of the system which the charter imposed; and among the first cares of his administration, was that of forming a small, concise, but complete code of criminal law, fitted to the state of his new settlement: a code which is animated by the pure spirit of philanthropy, and, where we may discover those principles of penal law, the elucidation of which has given so much celebrity to the philosophy of modern times. The punishments prescribed in it were calculated to tie up the hands of the criminal, to reform, to repair the wrongs of the injured party, and to hold up an object of terror sufficient to check a people whose manners he endeavoured to fashion by provisions interwoven in the same system. Robbery, burglary, arson, rape, the crime against nature, forgery, levying war against the governor, conspiring his death, and other crimes, deemed so heinous in many countries, and for which so many thousands have been executed in Britain, were declared to be no longer capital. Different degrees of imprisonment at hard labour, stripes, fines and forfeitures, were the whole compass of punishment inflicted on these offences. Murder, "wilful and premeditated," is the only crime for which the infliction of death is prescribed; and this is declared to be enacted in obedience "to the law of God," as though there had not been any political necessity even for this punishment apparent to the legislature. Yet even here the life of the citizen was guarded by a provision, that no man should be convicted but upon the testimony of two witnesses, and, by an humane practice, early introduced, of staying execution till the record of conviction had been laid before the executive, and full opportunity given to obtain a pardon of the offence or a mitigation of the punishment.

These laws were at first temporary, but being, at length, permanently enacted, they were transmitted to England, and were all, without exception, repealed by the queen in council. The rights of humanity, however, were not tamely given up: the same laws were

were immediately re-enacted, and they continued until the year 1718, and might have remained to this day had not high-handed measures driven our ancestors into an adoption of the sanguinary statutes of the mother country. During this long space of thirty-five years, it does not appear that the mildness of the laws invited offences, or that Pennsylvania was the theatre of more atrocious crimes than the other colonies. The judicial records of that day are lost: but, upon those of the legislative or executive departments and other public papers, no complaint of their inefficacy can be found; or any attempt to punish these crimes with death. On the contrary, as these laws were temporary, the subject was often before the legislature, and they were often re-enacted: which is a decisive proof that they were found adequate to their object.

‘ Under this policy the province flourished: but during the boisterous administration of governor Gookin, a storm was gathering over it, which threatened to sweep away not only this system of laws, but, with it, the privileges of the people: The administration of government, in all its departments, had, from the first settlement of the province, been conducted under the solemnity of an attestation instead of an oath. The laws upon this subject were repealed in England, and, by an order of the queen in council, all officers and witnesses were obliged to take an oath, or, in lieu thereof, the affirmation allowed to Quakers in England by the statute of William III. But the assembly chose to legislate for themselves on this important subject; and this, together with the refusal to adopt the English statutes in other cases, had given offence. The conduct of the assembly, in their disputes with the governor, was misrepresented; suspicions of disaffection were propagated; the declining health of the proprietor left them without an advocate, and his necessities threatened them with a surrender of the government into the hands of the crown.

‘ At this moment the Quakers were alarmed with the prospect of political annihilation. It was said, that the act of 1 George I, which prohibits an affirmation in cases of qualifications to office, or in criminal suits, extended to the colony and superseded the ancient laws. This construction, which was advocated by the governor, and tended to exclude the majority of the settlers from all offices, and even from the protection of the law, threw the whole province into confusion. The governor refused to administer the affirmation as a qualification for office; the judges refused to sit in criminal cases; the administration of justice was suspended, and two atrocious murderers remained in goal three years without trial. The assembly were alarmed, but they resolutely and forcibly asserted the rights of the people: and Gookin was at length recalled.

• On the accession of sir William Keith a temporary calm took place: the criminals were convicted under the old forms of proceeding,

ceeding, and executed agreeably to their sentence. A representation and complaint of this was made to the crown; and the assembly were panic struck with the intelligence. They trembled for their privileges—they were weary of the contest which had so long agitated them, and impatient to obtain any regular administration of justice consistent with their fundamental rights.

‘ They had been assured by the governor, that the best way to secure the favor of their sovereign was to copy the laws of the mother country,—“the sum and result of the experience of ages.” The advice was pursued: a resolution to extend such of the British penal statutes, as suited the province, was suddenly entered into. An act for this purpose (containing a provision to secure the right of affirmation to such as conscientiously scrupled an oath) was drawn up by David Lloyd, the chief justice, and, together with a petition to the crown, was passed in a few days.

‘ So anxious were they to conform, that they not only surrendered their ancient system, but left it to the British parliament to legislate for them, in future, upon this subject: and so humbled that they departed, in their petition, from their usual stile, and directed their speaker to solicit the vestry and some members of the church of England to join in a similar address. The sacrifice was accepted, and the privilege of affirmation, so anxiously desired, was confirmed by the royal sanction.

‘ Thus ended this humane experiment in legislation, and the same year, which saw it expire, put a period to the life of its benevolent author.

‘ The royal approbation of this act was triumphantly announced by the governor, and such was the satisfaction of seeing its privileges secured, that the province did not regret the price that it paid.

‘ By this act, which is the basis of our criminal law, the following offences were declared to be capital: high treason (including all those treasons which respect the coin) petit treason, murder, robbery, burglary, rape, sodomy, buggery, malicious maiming, manslaughter by stabbing, witchcraft and conjuration, arson, and every other felony (except larceny) on a second conviction. The statute of James I. respecting bastard children, was extended, in all its rigor, and the courts were authorized to award execution forthwith.

‘ To this list, already too large, were added, at subsequent periods, counterfeiting and uttering counterfeit bills of credit, counterfeiting any current gold or silver coin, and the crime of arson was extended so as to include the burning of certain public buildings. All these crimes, except, perhaps, the impossible one of witchcraft, were capital at the revolution.

‘ We perceive, by this detail, that the severity of our criminal law is an exotic plant, and not the native-growth of Pennsylvania.

It has been endured, but, I believe, has never been a favorite. The religious opinions of many of our citizens were in opposition to it: and, as soon as the principles of Beccaria were disseminated, they found a foil that was prepared to receive them. During our connection with Great Britain no reform was attempted: but, as soon as we separated from her, the public sentiment disclosed itself, and this benevolent undertaking was enjoined by the constitution. This was one of the first fruits of liberty, and confirms the remark of Montesquieu, "That, as freedom advances, the severity of the penal law decreases." P. 14.

We have received much pleasure in perusing the whole of this valuable publication:—in a rising community like that of America, there is great room for experiment on the most important part of the legal obligations which are connected with society; it is therefore to be hoped that the wisdom of the governors of the *new world* will improve such solemn opportunities, and that a successful result will infuse the animation of example into most of the governments of Europe.

The Pursuits of Literature, or What you will: a Satirical Poem in Dialogue. Part the First. 4to. 2s. Sewed. Owen. 1794.

THE pen of the satirist is sharp,—his verse spirited and flowing, though neither raised to dignity nor polished into harmony; the objects of his censure are sometimes pointed out by taste and judgment, and not unfrequently by a spirit of party. The notes, which the author twice expresses his desire that the reader will pass over till a *second* perusal of the poem (a demand upon his attention which some may think unreasonable), are various, entertaining, and full of the same keen spirit of criticism, which animates the poetic half of the work. They are indeed so copious, as to rival rather than elucidate the text: and as they show a good deal of various reading, they require not a little to understand them. As a proof of the spirit of party we have mentioned; the reader may observe, that the author takes all due care to show his admiration for Mr. Burke, and his abhorrence for *Proteus Priestley*, as he calls him, and the whole tribe of democratical writers both in England and France, from whom, however, we cannot have much to apprehend, since Mr. Burke, he tells us, 'greater and brighter in the decline than the noonday of his life and vigour, hath stood between the dead and the living, and stayed the plague.' At the elegant, though (it must be confessed) somewhat whimsical, poem of Dr. Darwin, our satirist has a stroke—

• What?

' What?—from the Muse, by cryptogamic stealth,
Must I purloin her native sterling wealth;
Itching for novel subjects, novel dreams,
Rouse great Linnæus from his sober themes;
In filmy, gawzy, gossamery lines,
With lucid language, and most dark designs,
In sweet tetrandryan, monogynian strains
Pant for a pystill in botanic pains;
On the luxurious lap of Flora thrown,
On beds of yielding vegetable down,
Raise lust in pinks; and with unhallow'd fire
Bid the soft virgin violet expire.' P. 14.

The Royal Society comes in for a dash of his pen: but his chief strength seems to be reserved for the grave black-letter critics of Shakspeare; among whom we cannot help thinking that a certain celebrated lady is mentioned rather unnecessarily and ill-naturedly. We shall, however, give the passage, and with it conclude our notice of the work—

' On Avon's banks I heard Actæon * mourn,
By fell BLACK-LETTER DOGS in pieces torn;
Dogs that from Gothic kennels eager start,
All well broke-in by *coney-catching* † art :

Hark,

* * Videre CANES; primusque Melampus,
Pamphagus et Dorceus, velox cum fratre Lycisca,
Ichnebatæque sagax et villis Asbolus atris,
Nebrophonosque valens et trux cum Lælapæ Theron,
Labros et Agriodos, et acutæ vocis Hylæctor,
Quosque referre mora est;—ea turba CUPIDINE PRÆDE,
Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla, sequuntur.
Heu famulos fugit IPSE suos: clamare libebat,
ACTÆON Ego sum; DOMINUM cognoscite VESTRUM:
Vellet abesse quidem—sed ADEST. Ovid. Metam. lib. iii.

* N. B. It is conceived that this canine metamorphosis of commentators will be received in a pleasant point of view without offence; for I must speak it to the credit of our English black-letter dogs, that upon the whole there is more harmony among them, (a few cases excepted) than among the dogs that worried Greek and Roman authors in former times. I surely may be excused for this caninity, if Mr. Bryant himself has been allowed to declare, without censure, that *Kanæ* signify *O: Ipus*; though certainly the *Hierarchy* are infinitely indebted to him for the discovery. Bryant's Mythol. vol. i. p. 329, &c.

† The singularity of this term (which is the only reason of my introducing it) called for my attention, as no treatises or farces, or whatever they may be, are more appealed to by the commentators than "Greene's *Art of Coney-catching*; Greene's *Ground-work of Coney-catching*; Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*; Greene's *Disputation between a He-Coney-catcher and a Sho-Coney-catcher*." As my poor library will not afford these valuable books, I profess myself still ignorant of this ancient *art of coney-catching*, and therefore am by no means fit for a commentator; yet the reader may perhaps think me fit for writing a note or two upon these "SNAPPERS UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES." (Wint. Tale, a. 4. sc. 1.)—I do not agree with Mr. Steevens that *coney-catching* means the art

Hark, JOHNSON * smacks his lash; loud sounds the din:
 Mounted in rear see STEEVENS whipper-in,
 Rich with the spoils of learning's black domain,
 And guide supreme o'er all the tainted plain.
 Lo! first *Melampus* † FARMER deftly springs,
 (WALTER-DE-MAPES ‡ his sire) the welkin rings:
 Stout GLOUCESTER || mark in *Pamphagus* § advance,
 Who never stood aghast in speechless trance;
 The sage *Ichnobates* ¶ see TYRWHITT limp;

Ma-

of picking pockets; (see his note on the words "Silly Cheat," vol. iv. p. 368, ed. 1778)—except there is any pleasant allusion by anticipation to some late editions of Shakspeare. My poor *pockets* cannot keep up with these rising demands upon them. SIX POUNDS FIFTEEN SHILLINGS!! for the last edition of Shakspeare, and without any binding! I cry you mercy, my good master Steevens; think of us poor poets.

* The reader must know enough of this *Huntsman*, his green velvet cap, and brown brass-buttoned coat, his churlish chiding of every hound that came near him, &c. &c. at least it is not Jemmy Boswell's fault if he does not.—This great man's comments on Shakspeare are never sullied and contaminated with minute explications of indecent passages:

‘He bears no tokens of those fable streams,
 But mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

In whatever Dr. Johnson undertook, it was his determined purpose to rectify the heart, to purify the passions, to give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth.

† *Melampus* signifies a dog with black feet. He is supposed to have run over the town and county of Leicester, but never could be persuaded to give any account of it.—This dog scented out the *Learning of Shakspeare* with true and original sagacity, and absolutely *unkennelled* it. This is his proper praise.—Mr. Steevens says, "Could a perfect and decisive edition of Shakspeare be produced, it were to be expected ONLY (though we fear in vain) from the hand of Dr. FARMER, whose MORE SERIOUS AVOCATIONS forbid HIM to undertake what, &c. &c." See Advert. by Mr. Steevens to Shakspeare, edit. 1793, p. 11. Such gravity of compliments between two editors reminds me of what Shakspeare calls, "THE ENCOUNTER OF TWO DOG APES."

‡ *Walter de Mapes* was the jovial archdeacon of Oxford, the Anacreon of the eleventh century, "A decent priest, where monks were the gods," and author of the divine ode, beginning:

“Mihi sit propositum in taberna mori;
 Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
 Ut dicant, cum venerint, angelorum chori,
 Deus sit propitius huic Potatori,” &c.

§ Stout Gloucester.—Warburton, bishop of Gloucester.

¶ *Pamphagus*—signifies a dog of a most voracious appetite, who snaps at, and devours every thing digestible or indigestible. They who are acquainted with the *Divine Legation*, &c. &c. well know the nature of Warburton's literary appetite and the danger of hunting in the same field with him. With all his eccentricities this was a noble dog, and there is not one of the true breed left worthy of the progenitor, though there are a few mongrels.

¶ *Ichnobates* means a dog who tracks out the game before him. No one was more diligent than this dog, yet he frequently went upon a wrong scent; but would never suffer the huntsman to call him off, especially in the neighbourhood of Canterbury and Bristol.—If I were again to metamorphose these hounds into men, I should lament the application of Mr. Tyrwhitt's learning and
 CRIT. REV. VOL. XVIII. Sept. 1796. E sagacity.

MALONE *Hylaſtor* ** bounds, a clear-voic'd imp;
 Nor can I paſs *Lyciſca* MONTAGUE *,
 Her yelp though feeble and her ſandals blue;
Aſbolus † HAWKINS, a grim ſhaggy hound,
 In *Muſic* growls and beats the buſhes round ‡;
 Then PORSON view *Nebrophonos* § the ſhrewd ||.
 Yet foaming with th' archdeacon's ¶ critic blood;

In

ſagacity. "Illum pro literato plerique laudandum duxerunt, quum ille nanis quibusdam anilibus occupatus inter *Mileſias Punicas* APULEII SUI et *Iudicia literaria* conſenſceret." (Vid. Julium Capitolinum in Vita Clodii Albini ad Conſtantium Auguſtum;). I will however ſay, as to my own part, Illum pro literato laudandum ſemper duxi, but with a reſerve as to the application of his learning. I wiſh this *Ichnobates* had been *utilium ſagax rerum*.

* ** *Hylaſtor* means a dog with a clear and ſtrong voice. One would think that this dog was one of Canidia's breed, which called from the ſepulchre the actual remains of the dead to enchant and ſtupefy the living. This dog has been ſcratching up the earth about *Doſtors Commons*, and has torn up all the *willſ* of the actors who lived in Shakspeare's times, and carried them in his mouth to the printer of a late edition of that author.—But when I ſpeak of rational men, it paſſes the bounds of all ſagacity to divine, by what ſpecies of refined abſurdity the *willſ* and *teſtaments* of actors could be raked up and publiſhed to illuſtrate Shakspeare. (See Malone's Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 186, &c. &c. &c. and in the 2d vol. of the edit. of Shakspeare, in 1793.) A critic for ſuch an ingenious invention ſhould be preſented with the *altum Sagana caliendrum*, which would not eaſily fall from his head.—But Mr. M. has redeemed this piece of folly by many valuable excellencies.

* * See her Eſſay on Shakspeare, chiefly againſt the French critics. A very pretty eſſay, and a great many very pretty things have been ſaid about it, which I ſhall not contradiſt. "*Dives agris, dives poſitis in ſanore nummis*," is a verſe that has always filled a houſe with ſincere admirers, without any flattery.

† † *Aſbolus* ſignifies a dog of a ſwarthy complexion.

‡ ‡ *Beats the buſhes round*—Deſcriptive of Sir John Hawkins's *Hiſtory of Muſic*.

§ § *Nebrophonos* ſignifies a dog that ſlays the fawns and deer; and ſo in truth it is:

Archdeacons, rats, and ſuch ſmall deer,
 Have been DICK's food for many a year.

And, as Lear ſays, "I'll take a word with this ſame LEARNED THEBAN. My learned maſter Richard Porſon;—but he loves *no titles*! It would be better if he did.

|| *Shrewd*.—Mr. Malone ſays, the word *ſhrewd* means *acute*, or *intelligent*; Mr. Steevens ſays, it is, *bitter* or *ſevere*. Shakſp. Ed. 1793, vol. vi. p. 430. Reader, you may chuſe, or rather combine the terms.

¶ ¶ The reader may be ſurpriſed to find any theological writings in this part; but Mr. Steevens's ingenuity has contrived to preſs Mr. Porſon's letters to Mr. archdeacon Travis into the ſervice of Shakspeare; and by ſuch ingenuity *what* or *what* may not be preſſed into it? This is quite a ſufficient excuſe for me, or rather a full juſtification of my alluſion to them. See *Tempeſt*, vol. iii. p. 68. Steev. edit. 1793. Mr. Steevens ſtiles Mr. P. "*an excellent ſcholar and a perſpicacious critic*;" in which I moſt cordially agree. But, if I am rightly informed, he thanks neither Mr. Steevens, nor me, nor Dr. Parr, nor Dr. Burney the ſchoolmaſter, nor any other doſtor or miſter in this country, for any opinion they may entertain or expreſs of him or his works. He neither gives nor takes. "*Walker, our bat*."—But there is a ſomething, as I have learned from H-race of great men, "*quod leno tormentum ingenio admovet plerumque duro*."—I find the archdeacon has re-publiſhed his work, and in my opinion has very wiſely declined being led any more by DICK and the ſoul-fiend "through fire,
 and

In *Theron's* * form mark *RITSON* next contend,
Fierce, meagre, pale, no commentator's † friend;
Tom WARTON last *Agriodos* ‡ acute,
With *Labros* *PERCY* § barks in close pursuit:
Hot was the chase; I left it out of breath;
I wish'd not to be in at *SHAKSPEARE's* death.' P. 34.

*The Psalms of David. A new and improved Version. 8vo.
5s. Boards. Priestley. 1794.*

THE late king of Sweden, aware of the errors and imperfections which abounded in the various versions of the Bible, and particularly in that of his own country, formed a design of procuring a new one, to be published under his own authority and sanction. The plan was communicated to those

and through flame and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire, and having knives laid under his pillow, &c." But the archdeacon has had the weakness to print his work on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot-pressed*. Had I been the archdeacon, I should have been contented with the *hot-pressing* by Mr. Porson—hot indeed, *hissing-hot*!—This controversy has no good end: learning is good, and theology is good; but there is something better, *Η Αγάπη*. There is also a writer who says, *καταναυχάται ΕΛΕΟΣ κριτας*. Is it not so, Mr. Professor?

* *Theron* signifies a dog of innate ferocity.

† Poor *Tom Warton* could have told a piteous tale, how his historic body was punched full of deadly holes by this literary *Richard III.*—Dr. *Percy* could make a lamentation or two in some ancient ditty in a fit or canto. Mr. *Malone* probably has felt a gripe rather strong. The Antiquarians—but they have spoken for themselves. The Antiquarian Society is amiable and harmless, and from what I have seen, their publications resemble the subjects of them, *ΝΙΚΗΤΗ ΑΜΕΝΗΝΑ* *μαγνα*. Who could wish to disturb such repose?

‡ *Agriodos* signifies a dog with a sharp tooth.—I always regret the loss of *Thomas Warton*: in his various writings he is amusing, instructive, pleasant, learned, and poetical.—*Tom Warton* had rather a kindly affection for the jovial memory of archdeacon *Walter de Mapes* of the eleventh century, mentioned for his drinking ode in a former note. Mr. *W.* tells us, (with a warm panegyric) in his 2d Dissert. to the *Hist. of E. P.* that this divine *Anacreon* wrote also a Latin ode in favour of married priests, concluding with these spirited lines:

* *Ecce pro Clericis multum allegavi;
Nec non pro Presbyteris multum comprobavi;
Pater noster pro me quoniam peccavi,
Dicat quisque Presbyter cum sua SUAVI!*

I quote this for my own sake, *quoniam peccavi*, and am inclined to hope that every *Presbyter cum sua SUAVI*, will be as kind to the author of this poem on THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE. Requiescat!

§ *Labros* signifies a dog that opens continually.—But I forget—*Si quis dixerit EPISCOPUM aliquā infirmitate laborare, anathema esto.*—AND thus I take my leave of the whole black-letter KENNEL, with all their wit, and all their follies, and all their merry humours; and they may both now and hereafter, unawed by their great *Huntsman* who is no more, and most probably unmolested by me, continue to bark and growl, and snap, and quarrel, and tease one another, till there remains not a critical offal for which they may contend. *Et velut absentem certatim ACTEONA clament.*

persons in his dominions, best qualified to give it effect, and amongst the rest to John Adam Tingstadius, D. D. and professor of the oriental languages in the university of Upsal, than whom few could be found more competent to the work. Of this he had given proofs to his countrymen in a version of the Proverbs, in the year 1774, and above five years since in that of the Psalms, from which this before us is taken. The plan upon which he proceeded, is thus detailed in his Preface—

‘ In humble obedience to the royal instructions issued out, for the commission for translating the Bible, in the year 1772, I made it a point, first, to establish the true reading of the original text ;—secondly, to express in their pure and unadulterated meaning, the contents and true sense of the words of the text by Swedish phrases of similar import ;—thirdly, when such words and phrases occurred, as had several significations, to find out the true one for each passage ;—fourthly, whenever any peculiar modes of expression or idioms presented themselves, the literal translation of which might bring with it any singularity or inexplicable obscurity, to express such passages with other words, so plainly and briefly, that the energy and force of the scripture-language might not be lost ;—fifthly, with respect to such words in the original as relate to eastern antiquities, manners, or customs, to translate them in fact literally, but at the same time to explain them by note ;—and sixthly, as much as was possible, and in as far as it could be reconciled to the genuine sense of the original, to retain the old Swedish translation.

‘ With all this he tells us, that “ he did not neglect to compare with the original not only the most ancient versions of the Bible made in various eastern languages, but also the interpretations of scripture and other philological performances of similar import, that have appeared in more modern times, in different nations in Europe.” P. iv.

It is observed by the English translator that—

‘ If, as in many instances, no doubt they will, the Psalms of David, in their present garb, should appear to differ essentially from what we have hitherto been taught to consider as the real sentiments of the royal psalmist, it is presumed that the alledged difference will not only have the advantage of sense and sound reason on its side, but be likewise found to correspond more faithfully with the original text. And we have the learned professor’s own authority for informing the public, that the philological arguments upon which he grounds this difference in his version, will very shortly appear in print for the behoof of those readers, who wish to judge for themselves, and to compare the version with the original ’ P. v.

If it be inseparable from the very nature of translation, that some characteristics of the original must be lost or impaired, in a double translation the evil will increase; the work therefore before us must appear to considerable disadvantage. Notwithstanding this, however, it will be found of considerable use to those who cannot read the version in the Swedish; for, besides many excellent turns which illustrate the sense, the notes abound with judicious remarks.

That our readers may be enabled to judge, the following specimen is inserted—

‘ PSALM LXVIII.

On occasion of the removal of the Ark of the covenant to Zion, with solemn procession and music, of which mention is made in II. Sam. chap. vi. ver. 12 and 19. and I. Chron. chap. xv. ver. 25. and 29. They sang the special protection, afforded by the Almighty to his people, his power and his glory.

‘ A festal Psalm of David, to be performed with Music.

‘ 1. Let God arise *!

Let his enemies be scattered!
May those that hate him
flee before his face!

‘ 2. As smoke is driven away,
so may they be driven!
As wax melteth before the fire,
so perish the evil doers
before the face of God!

‘ 3. But let the righteous be glad,
and rejoice before him,
and celebrate their solemn festivals!

CHORUS.

‘ 4. Sing unto God †!

Sing the praise of his name!
Prepare the way before him,
who rideth over the spaces ‡ of the deserts:
whose name is Eternal.

‘ 5. Rejoice before him;
of the fatherless a father;
of the widows an avenger:
a God,
whose habitation is holy:

* Here the ark is lifted up to be borne by the priests. The song begins with the same ceremonies as were customary in ancient times, when the ark was carried before the host of the Israelites, during their march through the wilderness. Vid. Numb. chap. x. ver. 35.

† Here it seems, the procession was ushered in by the music of the instruments, mentioned in I. Chron. chap. xv.

‡ By this, the poet seems to imply the same immeasurable spaces of heaven, which the Most High is said to ride over, in verse 35.

‘ 6. A God,
 who giveth harbour to the houseless :
 who leadeth the oppressed prisoner out into rich fields ;
 but letteth the workers of violence alone
 inhabit the barren rock.

‘ 7. When thou didst lead forth thy people *,
 O God !

when thou didst march majestically
 through the wilderness,

‘ 8. The earth shook :
 the heavens melted
 before the Omnipotent :
 Even Sinai itself
 before God,
 the God of Israel.

‘ 9. A mild rain didst thou let fall,
 O God !
 and refreshedst the foil of thy inheritance †
 that languishing land ;

‘ 10. So that thy dependants ‡
 could inhabit it.
 With thy bounty
 didst thou refresh an oppressed people,
 O God !

‘ 11. A joyful message did the Lord send :
 great multitudes of female messengers §.

‘ 12. Kings with their hosts
 flee hither, flee thither ;
 and the housewife divideth the spoil ||.

‘ 13. Repose not yourselves peaceably beside your tent-stones ¶,
 under the shadow of dove’s wings,

* The poet calls to mind, how the Almighty led forth his people in former times; first during their wandering in the wilderness, ver. 8.—11. and secondly, when they made the conquest of the promised land, ver. 12—15.

† The *Desart of Sinai*, in Exod. chap. iii. ver. 5. called a *holy land*, is here represented as the foil or glebe of God’s inheritance, on account of Mount Sinai being considered as his ostensible residence, before he established his dwelling among the Israelites, either in the tabernacle or temple.

‡ Viz. *The Israelites*. The expression is meant to denote God’s providential care of his people in the wilderness, and deserves to be collated with Isaiah, chap. xlii. ver. 19—20.

§ Viz. Such, as like Mirjam and her companions, vid. Exod. chap. xv. ver. 20. and seqq. sang the victories of Israel. The poet introduces their song at ver. 13—15.

|| The victorious soldier brings the spoils of war home to his wife.

¶ Compare with this, Numb. chap. xxxii. ver. 6. *To sit beside one’s tent-stones*, signifies in the Hebrew language, the same as *to sit at home at one’s fireside*: because the eastern nomadic nations are accustomed to set the pots they used for dressing their victuals, upon three elevated stones.

covered over with silver :
glittering with gold *.

‘ 14. When the Almighty destroyeth the kings of the land †,
Joy is diffused over Zalmon ‡.

‘ 15. A mountain of God §
is mount Bafan :
a mountain with high ridges
is mount Bafan.

‘ 16. Wherefore envy ye,
O ye high mountains !
this mountain,
which the Lord has chosen for his residence ?
To all eternity
there however the Eternal shall dwell.

‘ 17. God is accompanied by innumerable hosts ¶
of thousands of thousands.
In the midst of them appeareth the Lord,
as formerly upon Sinai,
holy, majestic.

‘ 18. Thou ascendest on high ¶ :
for thy spoil takest captives :
as a present men ** :
violent oppressors ;
that here †† thou mayest dwell
Eternal God !

CHORUS.

‘ 19. From day to day, the Lord be praised !

* * Figures descriptive of the *calm tranquillity of peace.*

† It has happened not once, but many times that the combined heathen kings have been dispersed, and devoted to destruction in this manner. Vid. Numb. chap. xxxi. Josh. chap. ix. and x. &c.

‡ *Zalmon*, a mountain belonging to the tribe of Ephraim, is beyond a doubt made use of here, agreeable to poetic licence, as a *pars pro toto*, to signify the whole country.

§ *An exceeding large and considerable mountain.* The scene is now changed. The sight of the mountainous heights of Jerusalem, occasions the poet to feign a competition between the mountains of Palestine, for the honour of being fixed upon as the residence of the ark of the covenant.

¶ The numerous suite that followed the ark of the covenant, appears, in the ideas of the poet, to afford an image of the innumerable hosts of angels, with which the Most High was supposed to be encompassed, in a manner somewhat similar to that of an eastern monarch, whose majesty was denoted by the numerous retinue that accompanied him.

¶ Viz. *Upon Mount Zion.* Compare Psal. xlvii. ver. 6.

** The poet alludes to the victories, which the Most High caused the Israelites to obtain under his immediate auspices, as their leader, over the ancient inhabitants of Canaan and Zion. This passage is grounded upon the oriental custom of making the monarch a present of some of the conquered enemies for slaves.

†† *Among thy people, upon Mount Zion.*

Doth any burthen opprefs us ;
The Most High is our relief.

' 20. Our God is the God,
that giveth victory :
The Lord, the Eternal,
who delivereth from death :

' 21. A God,
that crusheth the head of his enemies ;
the crown of the head of those,
who persevere in their transgressions.

' 22. From the mount of Basan *,
I will fetch them back again,
saith the Lord :
Quite from the depth of the sea,
I will bring them back.

' 23. So that thy foot shall wade in blood :
and the tongues of thy dogs
enjoy their share of the enemies †.

' 24. We behold thy entrance, O God,
my King's entrance into his sanctuary.

' 25. The singers go before ;
the players upon stringed instruments follow after,
surrounded on both sides by virgins,
who beat the kettle-drums ;

' 26. In full chorus praising God.
The tribes, that are descended from Israel,
praise the Lord.

' 27. There Benjamin,
the youngest among them,
and yet their leader :
Here the princes of Judah,
clad in purple ;
The princes of Sebulon :
The princes of Naphtali.

' 28. Support, O God, thy power :
Confirm what thou hast done with us.

' 29. To thy temple in Jerusalem,
kings shall bring presents unto thee !

' 30. Subdue the wild beasts
that lie in the reeds ‡ :
a powerful body of heroes,
committing violence among a weaker people :

* * The highest, inaccessible mountain.

† † Common images, with the ancient poets, to denote a total overthrow.

‡ ‡ A poetic description of the inhabitants of Egypt. Compare with this,
Psalm, lxxiv. ver. 14.

him who treadeth upon a floor of silver *.
Scatter the hosts that delight in war.

' 31. May the Hasmanians be gathered together from Egypt,
may the Ethiopians † hasten,
to lift up their hands to God!

FIRST CHORUS.

' 32. Sing to God,
Ye ruling powers of the earth!

Consecrate songs of praise to the Almighty!

' 33. To him, who rideth on the highest heavens
which were of old his ancient abode.

Mark, how he letteth his voice ‡,
his Almighty voice be heard!

' 34. Give glory to God!
Who manifesteth his excellency over Israel:
his power in the clouds.

SECOND CHORUS.

' 35. Terrible dost thou shew thyself, O God,
out of thy holy dwellings §.

The God of Israel is he,
who bestoweth victory and strength
on his people.

Praised be God! P. 154.

The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent. By
William Roscoe. 2 Vols. 4to. 2l. 2s. Boards.
Cadell and Davies. 1796.

INdependently of the abilities of the author, two predisposing circumstances are necessary to spread over an historical narration a lively degree of interest. It is necessary that the subject of it should be so far known, as already to fill some space in the public eye; and also, that the information which general readers are in possession of concerning it, should be of that vague and imperfect kind, which rather serves to stimulate than to satisfy curiosity. Precisely in this predicament is the period which Mr. Roscoe has undertaken to illustrate. All who read, have read of the times of the Medici,

* * This seems to be a strongly marked characteristic of a certain haughty overbearing power, among the heathen nations, long since consigned to utter oblivion.

† The Hasmanians and Ethiopians are here poetically substituted for the remote heathen nations in general.

‡ Thunder.

§ From heaven—from Sinai—from Zion, in the voice, which thou causest to go forth.

as of the brilliant and flourishing æra of the country to which they belonged, and connect with their names the revival and diffusion of literature. But notwithstanding this general impression, the particulars of their lives, and characteristic features of their minds,—and what is still of more importance, the history of letters, and the mental process which was bringing to maturity so many fair fruits of science and of art,—in this country at least, has been very little the object of research. Italian literature is accessible to comparatively but few; and of those who read the language, the greater part satisfy themselves with a few of the more common classics, and are content to remain ignorant of many a brilliant production, and many an eager contest, which charmed or divided the wits and scholars of a former age.

Mr. Roscoe does not, however, embrace so large an object as the complete history of the revival of literature: but, finding (to use his own words) ‘that every thing great and estimable in science and in art, revolved round *Lorenzo de' Medici*, during the short but splendid era of his life, as a common centre, and derived from him its invariable preservation and support,’—he has chosen this individual of that illustrious family, for the labours of his pen, more particularly as Lorenzo, ‘though admired and venerated by his contemporaries, has been defrauded of his just fame by posterity,’ who have turned their eyes almost exclusively upon his second son Leo the Tenth, who undoubtedly promoted the views, but never in any degree rivaled the talents of his father.

The sources from whence Mr. Roscoe has drawn, are accurately pointed out in the prefatory account of the work; and we have the pleasure to see, that the taste and talents which every one who knows Mr. Roscoe, knows him to be in possession of, have been assisted not only by the histories of *Valori* and *Bruni*, *Machiavelli* and *Ammirato*, the critical labours of *Crescimbeni*, *Muratori*, *Bandini*, and *Tiraboschi*, but with original documents procured for him from the Laurentian and Ricardo libraries. Particularly, he has had the good fortune to obtain copies of several beautiful poems of Lorenzo's, which were not even known to be in being by his former biographers. Many of these are here given, and will claim our notice in the course of the work.

The life of Lorenzo himself is preceded by what may be called a finished sketch of the life of Cosmo, the grandfather of Lorenzo, and the second of his family who enjoyed the chief power in the commonwealth, by the peculiar and honourable title of a popularity acquired by the benefits bestowed on his fellow-citizens. Of these benefits, the most important were the encouragement of learning and learned men,

men, to which Cosmo devoted a very large share of his fortune.—The attention to Greek literature, some attempts to cultivate which had been made in the life of Boccacio, but which had afterwards received a check, was now reviving with an ardour which partook of the eagerness of passion; several learned Greeks, driven from Constantinople by the dread or by the arms of the Turks, spread through the Italian states their language and their philosophy; and, above all, libraries began to be collected, and the most diligent research made for those precious remains of antiquity, in which, like fire in covered embers, science was kept from perishing, though buried under heaps of dirt and rubbish. The lover of the classics will follow, with a kind of filial veneration, the zealous efforts of Filelfo, Aurispa, Poggio, and others, to recover these precious treasures; he will tremble to think how near some of them were to perishing by neglect; he will sympathise in the feelings of Guarino Veronese, who, returning from Constantinople with a rich cargo of manuscripts, lost them by shipwreck, with which disappointment his hair turned suddenly white;—and he will almost wish, at the expense of the familiarity and facility the objects of study now present to him, to have lived in those times, when he might have shared the exultation of discovering, from time to time, a new classic, and felt the powerful spring which such an accession of fresh ideas must have given to every faculty of the human mind. Of all who exerted themselves on this occasion, Poggio was the most successful. While he attended the council of Constance, he visited the convent of San Gallo, where he found a complete copy of Quintilian.

At the same time he found the three first books, and part of the fourth, of the *Argonautics* of Valerius Flaccus. Some idea may be formed of the critical state of these works from the account that Poggio has left. Buried in the obscurity of a dark and lonely tower, covered with filth and rubbish, their destruction seemed inevitable. Of this fortunate discovery he gave immediate notice to his friend Leonardo Aretino, who, by representing to him the importance and utility of his labours, stimulated him to fresh exertions. The letter addressed by Leonardo to Poggio on this occasion is full of the highest commendations, and the most extravagant expressions of joy. By his subsequent researches through France and Germany, Poggio also recovered several of the orations of Cicero. At that time only eight of the comedies of Plautus were known. The first complete copy of that author was brought to Rome, at the instance of Poggio, by Nicholas of Treves, a German monk, from whom it was purchased by the cardinal Giordano Orsini, who was afterwards with great difficulty prevailed upon to suffer Poggio and

and his friends to copy it; and even this favour would not have been granted without the warm interference of Lorenzo, the brother of Cosmo de' Medici. The monk had flattered the Italian scholars that he also possessed a copy of the work of Aulus Gellius, and of the first book of Quintus Curtius; but in this they were disappointed. From a Latin elegy by Christoforo Landino on the death of Poggio, we are fully authorized to conclude that he also first discovered the beautiful and philosophic poem of Lucretius, that of Silius Italicus, and the valuable work of Columella: and from a memorial yet existing in the hand writing of Angelo Politiano, it appears that the poems of Statius were brought into Italy by the same indefatigable investigator. In the opinion of Politiano these poems were indeed inaccurate and defective, yet all the copies which he had seen were derived from this manuscript.

'Poggio had once formed the fullest expectations of obtaining a copy of the Decades of Livy, which a monk had assured him he had seen in the Cistercian monastery of Sora, comprized in two volumes in large Lombard characters. He immediately wrote to a friend at Florence, requesting him to prevail on Cosmo de' Medici to direct his agent in that neighbourhood to repair to the monastery, and to purchase the work. Some time afterwards Poggio addressed himself to Leonello d'Este, marquis of Ferrara, on the same subject, but apparently without any great hopes of success. His attempts to recover the writings of Tacitus, were equally fruitless. After long inquiry, he was convinced that no copy of that author existed in Germany; yet at the distance of nearly a century, the five books of his history were brought from thence to Rome, and presented to Leo X. In prosecution of his favourite object, Poggio extended his researches into England, where he resided some time with the cardinal bishop of Winchester; and from whence he transmitted to Italy the *Bucolics* of Calphurnius, and a part of the works of Petronius.' Vol. i. p. 26.

Aurispia arrived at Venice from Constantinople

'In the year 1423, with two hundred and thirty-eight manuscripts, amongst which were all the works of Plato, of Proclus, of Plotinus, of Lucian, of Xenophon, the histories of Arrian, of Dio, and of Diodorus Siculus, the geography of Strabo, the poems of Callimachus, of Pindar, of Oppian, and those attributed to Orpheus.' Vol. i. p. 30.

From these treasures,—to possess himself of which, Cosmo spared neither pains nor expense, arose the celebrated library of the Medici,—which was, after his death, further enriched by his descendants, and particularly by his grandson Lorenzo, and is known to the present times under the name of the *Bibliotheca Mediceo-Laurentiana*. Cosmo likewise founded the library of St. Mark, in the arrangement of which he was assisted

assisted by a poor scholar, Tomaso, who afterwards, under the name of Nicholas V. became the founder of the Vatican. The life of Cosmo derived celebrity from the dawn of the arts, as well as from the revival of letters. Brunelleschi, Donatelli, and Ghiberti, were destined to please an age, upon which a Raphael and a Michael Angelo had not yet risen.

At the death of Cosmo in 1464, Lorenzo, the subject of this history, was sixteen, and had at that time given indications of extraordinary talents; and though in the authority which was now become in a manner hereditary in his family, he was preceded by his father; yet the infirmities of Piero gave occasion for his early introduction upon the stage of public business. It is impossible, perhaps, to conceive a more favourable position for the cultivation of the mental powers, than that in which Lorenzo stood. The wealth of the Medici, and their patronage of genius and learned men, secured him the best assistance in his studies, and early access to all the precious monuments of art which were then extant; and yet, as the authority of his family rested on the basis of popularity, and was not yet encumbered with the ceremonious observances and servile forms of acknowledged despotism, there was nothing to prevent that free intercourse with his fellow-citizens, which is necessary to form the accomplished and manly character.—Lorenzo had the advantage of the instructions of *Christoforo Landino*, *Argyropylus*, and *Marfilio Ficino*. With Ficino, by whom he was sedulously instructed in the doctrines of Platonism, he maintained through life an unalterable friendship.

The talents of Lorenzo are represented by Mr. Roscoe to be 'so versatile, that it is difficult to discover any department of business or of amusement, of art or of science, to which they were not at some time applied;'—and again he says, 'so various, yet so extensive were his powers, that they are scarcely reconcileable to that consistency of character, with which the laws of human nature seldom dispense.'

Without stopping at present to inquire whether the biographer is not somewhat influenced in this very comprehensive eulogium, by the (perhaps laudable) partiality which is generally felt by an ardent mind for the character he has employed himself in delineating,—we shall readily acknowledge that Lorenzo exhibited an equal genius for politics and for literature, and that he well deserved, by his liberal patronage and splendid establishments, the title of *magnificent*, by which he has been distinguished. In the conspiracy of Luca Pitti, which took place while he was yet a youth, his presence of mind was the means of saving the life of his father. Previous to that event, he had travelled to Naples and other states of Italy,

Italy, and made himself master of the politics of the different courts. This was the rather necessary, as intrigue, much more than arms, decided the contests of the small Italian states. Their bloodless battles were fought, as Machiavelli assures us, from noon till evening, without the loss of a single man; and though, as Mr. Roscoe observes, this account cannot be supposed to be literally true,—yet from the manner in which the threatening storm, raised by the banished partisans of the Pitti faction, was blown over, we may conjecture that address, and probably interest, were more powerful agents than military valour. Indeed Piero would have been ruined with the Florentines, if he had not in time recalled a false step he made in beginning to call in his money from the citizens.

After peace was restored, a splendid tournament was held, which gave occasion to two of the most noted poems of the fifteenth century, the *Giostra* of Lorenzo de' Medici, by *Luca Pulci*, brother to Luigi Pulci who wrote the *Morgante*, and the *Giostra* of Guiliano de' Medici, by *Angelo Politiano*; the last celebrated author was only then fourteen. Of these poems some specimens are given, with elegant translations. About this time Landino published his *Disputationes Camaldulenses*, a work of the nature of the *Tusculan Questions*, in which the two brothers of the Medici are introduced as speakers. Lorenzo himself was early a poet; and the mention of some of his sonnets is preceded by an account, rather too solemn for the occasion, of his early love, which seems to have been the offspring of a poetical fancy, rather than his poetry the offspring of his passion.

In the year 1469 Piero died, and Lorenzo succeeded to the acknowledged direction of the republic.—‘On the second day, he says, after that event, he was attended at his own house by many of the principal inhabitants of Florence, who requested he would take upon himself the administration and care of the republic, in the same manner as his grandfather and father had before done.’—We are not told the precise manner in which the authority of one man was made to agree with the forms of the republic; but it was probably effected by the Medici either holding themselves, or filling with their adherents, the chief offices of the state. In short, Lorenzo stood on the same ground at Florence, as Pericles had done at Athens. Of this the chief cause was, no doubt, the immense wealth of the family:—this was derived from commerce, particularly in eastern merchandise by Alexandria,—from farms and wines, and particularly from banks established in almost all the trading cities of Europe. Nor was the munificent employment of their riches less to be admired. Lorenzo computes

computes that his ancestors had expended, in works of public charity or utility, 663,755 florins, since the return of Cosmo from banishment,—and adds, that he thought it well laid out. He himself laid out vast sums in buildings, collections of antiques, libraries, and the most generous patronage of literary men. He established a school of painting and sculpture, where Michael Angelo exhibited his first productions. In public shows, festivals, and literary prizes, he emulated the magnificence of ancient Rome. But one of the chief features of his private life was the cultivation of the Platonic philosophy. And let it not seem incredible to those acquainted only with the manners of the present day, that, amidst the luxuries of wealth and the intrigues of policy, the lofty doctrines of Platonism should be studied with as much eagerness as in a cloister.—Ficino, the great champion of the sect, had been the tutor of Lorenzo; and the Platonic academy, which had its beginning in the life of Cosmo, now flourished with additional splendour under the auspices of Lorenzo. After giving an account of a philosophical poem of Lorenzo, in which he gives a sketch of the doctrines of Plato, the author adds—

‘ In order to give additional stability to these studies, Lorenzo and his friends formed the intention of renewing, with extraordinary pomp, the solemn annual feasts to the memory of the great philosopher, which had been celebrated from the time of his death to that of his disciples Plotinus and Porphyrius, but had then been discontinued for the space of twelve hundred years. The day fixed on for this purpose was the seventh of November, which was supposed to be the anniversary not only of the birth of Plato, but of his death, which happened among his friends at a convivial banquet, precisely at the close of his eighty-first year. The person appointed by Lorenzo to preside over the ceremony at Florence was Francesco Bandini, whose rank and learning rendered him extremely proper for the office. On the same day another party met at Lorenzo’s villa at Carreggi, where he presided in person. At these meetings, to which the most learned men in Italy resorted, it was the custom for one of the party, after dinner, to select certain passages from the works of Plato, which were submitted to the elucidation of the company, each of the guests undertaking the illustration or discussion of some important or doubtful point. By this institution, which was continued for several years, the philosophy of Plato was supported not only in credit but in splendor, and its professors were considered as the most respectable and enlightened men of the age. Whatever Lorenzo thought proper to patronize, became the admiration of Florence, and consequently of all Italy. He was the *glafs of fashion*, and those who joined in his pursuits, or imitated his example, could not fail of sharing in that applause which

which seemed to attend on every action of his life.' Vol. i. p. 167.

It would be curious, had we sufficient documents for it, to trace the influence of the Platonic doctrines on the systems of the day, and particularly to discover what sort of compromise or of alliance they formed with the religious creeds which were professed by the literary circle. The Christian piety, of Lorenzo at least, seems to have been equally conspicuous with his Platonism.—Of all the scholars whom he patronised, Politian was most in the favour of Lorenzo. He made him tutor of his children: and though, from the continual bickerings between him and Clarice, the wife of Lorenzo (for these scholars did not always exhibit the most amiable manners) he was obliged to withdraw him from that office, the most affectionate attachment subsisted between them to the death of Lorenzo.

The most striking political event in the life of Lorenzo is the conspiracy of the Pazzi, of which an interesting account is given in the fourth chapter of this work—

‘A transaction in which a pope, a cardinal, an archbishop, and several other ecclesiastics, associated themselves with a band of ruffians, to destroy two men who were an honour to their age and country; and purposed to perpetrate their crime at a season of hospitality, in the sanctuary of a Christian church, and at the very moment of the elevation of the host, when the audience bowed down before it, and the assassins were presumed to be in the immediate presence of their God.’ Vol. i. p. 176.

We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the following particulars—

‘The immediate assassination of Giuliano was committed to Francesco de’ Pazzi and Bernardo Bandini, and that of Lorenzo had been intrusted to the sole hand of Montecicco. This office he had willingly undertaken whilst he understood that it was to be executed in a private dwelling, but he shrunk from the idea of polluting the house of God with so heinous a crime. Two ecclesiastics were therefore selected for the commission of a deed, from which the soldier was deterred by conscientious motives. These were Stefano da Bagnone, the apostolic scribe, and Antonio Maffei.

‘The young cardinal having expressed a desire to attend divine service in the church of the Reparata, on the ensuing Sunday, being the twenty-sixth day of April 1478, Lorenzo invited him and his suite to his house in Florence. He accordingly came with a large retinue, supporting the united characters of cardinal and apostolic legate, and was received by Lorenzo with that splendor and hospitality with which he was always accustomed to entertain men

men of high rank and consequence. Giuliano did not appear, a circumstance that alarmed the conspirators, whose arrangements would not admit of longer delay. They soon however learnt that he intended to be present at the church.—The service was already begun, and the cardinal had taken his seat, when Francesco de' Pazzi and Bandini, observing that Giuliano was not yet arrived, left the church and went to his house, in order to insure and hasten his attendance. Giuliano accompanied them, and as he walked between them, they threw their arms round him with the familiarity of intimate friends, but in fact to discover whether he had any armour under his dress; possibly conjecturing from his long delay, that he had suspected their purpose. At the same time by their freedom and jocularities, they endeavoured to obviate any apprehensions which he might entertain from such a proceeding. The conspirators having taken their stations near their intended victims, waited with impatience for the appointed signal. The bell rang—the priest raised the consecrated wafer—the people bowed before it—and at the same instant Bandini plunged a short dagger into the breast of Giuliano.—On receiving the wound he took a few hasty steps and fell, when Francesco de' Pazzi rushed upon him with incredible fury, and stabbed him in different parts of his body, continuing to repeat his strokes even after he was apparently dead. Such was the violence of his rage, that he wounded himself deeply in the thigh. The priests who had undertaken the murder of Lorenzo were not equally successful. An ill-directed blow from Maffei, which was aimed at the throat, but took place behind the neck, rather roused him to his defence than disabled him. He immediately threw off his cloak, and holding it up as a shield in his left hand, with his right he drew his sword, and repelled his assailants. Perceiving that their purpose was defeated, the two ecclesiastics, after having wounded one of Lorenzo's attendants who had interposed to defend him, endeavoured to save themselves by flight. At the same moment Bandini, his dagger streaming with the blood of Giuliano, rushed towards Lorenzo; but meeting in his way with Francesco Nori, a person in the service of the Medici, and in whom they placed great confidence, he stabbed him with a wound instantaneously mortal. At the approach of Bandini, the friends of Lorenzo encircled him, and hurried him into the sacristy, where Politiano and others closed the doors, which were of brass. Apprehensions being entertained that the weapon which had wounded him was poisoned, a young man attached to Lorenzo sucked the wound. A general alarm and consternation took place in the church; and such was the tumult which ensued, that it was at first believed by the audience that the building was falling in; but no sooner was it understood that Lorenzo was in danger, than several of the youth of Florence formed themselves into a body, and receiving him into the midst of them, conducted him to his house, making

ing a circuitous turn from the church, lest he should meet with the dead body of his brother.

‘ Whilst these transactions passed in the church, another commotion took place in the palace; where the archbishop, who had left the church, as agreed upon before the attack on the Medici, and about thirty of his associates, attempted to overpower the magistrates, and to possess themselves of the seat of government. Leaving some of his followers stationed in different apartments, the archbishop proceeded to an interior chamber, where Cesare Petrucci, then gonfaloniere, and the other magistrates were assembled. No sooner was the gonfaloniere informed of his approach, than out of respect to his rank he rose to meet him. Whether the archbishop was disconcerted by the presence of Petrucci, who was known to be of a resolute character, of which he had given a striking instance in frustrating the attack of Bernardo Nardi upon the town of Prato, or whether his courage was not equal to the undertaking, is uncertain; but instead of intimidating the magistrates by a sudden attack, he began to inform Petrucci that the pope had bestowed an employment on his son, of which he had to deliver to him the credentials. This he did with such hesitation, and in so desultory a manner, that it was scarcely possible to collect his meaning. Petrucci also observed that he frequently changed colour, and at times turned towards the door, as if giving a signal to some one to approach.—Alarmed at his manner, and probably aware of his character, Petrucci suddenly rushed out of the chamber, and called together the guards and attendants. By attempting to retreat, the archbishop confessed his guilt. In pursuing him, Petrucci met with Giacomo Poggio, whom he caught by the hair, and throwing him on the ground, delivered into the custody of his followers. The rest of the magistrates and their attendants seized upon such arms as the place supplied, and the implements of the kitchen became formidable weapons in their hands. Having secured the doors of the palace, they furiously attacked their scattered and intimidated enemies, who no longer attempted resistance. During this commotion they were alarmed by a tumult from without, and perceived from the windows Giacomo de' Pazzi, followed by about one hundred soldiers, crying out liberty, and exhorting the people to revolt. At the same time they found that the insurgents had forced the gates of the palace, and that some of them were entering to defend their companions. The magistrates however persevered in their defence, and repulsing their enemies, secured the gates till a reinforcement of their friends came to their assistance. Petrucci was now first informed of the assassination of Giuliano, and the attack made upon Lorenzo. The relation of this treachery excited his highest indignation. With the concurrence of the state counsellors, he ordered Giacomo Poggio to be hung in sight of the populace, out of the palace windows, and secured

cured the archbishop, with his brother and the other chiefs of the conspiracy. Their followers were either slaughtered in the palace, or thrown half alive through the windows. One only of the whole number escaped. He was found some days afterwards concealed in the wainscots, perishing with hunger, and in consideration of his sufferings received his pardon.

The young cardinal Riario, who had taken refuge at the altar, was preserved from the rage of the populace by the interference of Lorenzo, who appeared to give credit to his asseverations, that he was ignorant of the intentions of the conspirators. It is said that his fears had so violent an effect upon him, that he never afterwards recovered his natural complexion. His attendants fell a sacrifice to the resentment of the citizens. The streets were polluted with the dead bodies and mangled limbs of the slaughtered. With the head of one of these unfortunate wretches on a lance the populace paraded the city, which resounded with the cry of *palle, palle, perish the traitors!* Francesco de' Pazzi being found at the house of his uncle Giacompo, where on account of his wound he was confined to his bed, was dragged out naked and exhausted by loss of blood, and being brought to the palace, suffered the same death as his associate. His punishment was immediately followed by that of the archbishop, who was hung through the windows of the palace, and was not allowed even to divest himself of his prelatical robes. The last moments of Salviati, if we may credit Politiano, were marked by a singular instance of ferocity. Being suspended close to Francesco de' Pazzi, he seized the naked body with his teeth, and relaxed not from his hold even in the agonies of death. Jacopo de' Pazzi had escaped from the city during the tumult, but the day following he was made a prisoner by the neighbouring peasants, who regardless of his intreaties to put him to death, brought him to Florence, and delivered him up to the magistrates. As his guilt was manifest, his execution was instantaneous, and afforded from the windows of the palace another spectacle that gratified the resentment of the enraged multitude. His nephew Renato, who suffered at the same time, excited in some degree the commiseration of the spectators. Devoted to his studies, and averse to popular commotions, he had refused to be an actor in the conspiracy, and his silence was his only crime. The body of Giacompo had been interred in the church of Santa Croce, and to this circumstance the superstition of the people attributed an unusual and incessant fall of rain that succeeded these disturbances. Partaking in their prejudices, or desirous of gratifying their revenge, the magistrates ordered his body to be removed without the walls of the city. The following morning it was again torn from the grave by a great multitude of children, who in spite of the restrictions of decency, and the interference of some of the inhabitants, after dragging it a long time through the streets, and treating it with every degree of wanton

opprobrium, threw it into the river Arno. Such was the fate of a man who had enjoyed the highest honours of the republic, and for his services to the state had been rewarded with the privileges of the equestrian rank. The rest of this devoted family were condemned either to imprisonment or to exile, excepting only Guglielmo de' Pazzi, who, though not unsuspected, was first sheltered from the popular fury in the house of Lorenzo, and was afterwards ordered to remain at his own villa, about twenty-five miles distant from Florence.' Vol. i. p. 183.

Giuliano, thus cut off in the prime of his days, left a natural son, who was afterwards raised to the chair under the name of Clement VII.

Though Lorenzo had escaped the dagger of the assassin, he was exposed to the vengeance of the pope and the king of Naples, who combined against him, and offered the Florentines peace, only on condition of delivering up Lorenzo into their hands. In this perilous conjuncture, he took a resolution as magnanimous as the event proved it to be politic; which was, to go and negotiate personally with the king of Naples. The letter which he left for the states of Florence, before he set out to put himself in the hands of his declared enemy, is full of the most generous sentiments. It may be presumed, we think, that the treasures of the Medici family were not spared on this urgent occasion. The pope at length followed the example of Ferdinand; he took off the interdict he had laid on Florence,—and, the storm being blown over, Lorenzo was left at leisure to attend to those studies his elegant mind had been nourished with from his infancy; and the fifth chapter, the last in this volume, is devoted to a critical account of the state of Italian poetry, and particularly of the poems of Lorenzo.—It is a remarkable fact, and difficult to be accounted for, that, after the productions of Petrarch, Dante, and Boccaccio, the Italian tongue fell back into a degree of neglect and barbarism,—owing probably in a great measure to the classic enthusiasm which was so prevalent at the period we are now considering. To Lorenzo we are in great part to attribute,—not only by means of his patronage, but of his personal talents,—the revival of Italian poetry. He wrote in a great variety of measures, and on a variety of subjects, serious, tender, and comic; and after the intervention of so many centuries, during which his productions have very unaccountably slept in manuscript in the Laurentian library, he has had the good fortune to fall into the hands of one who, being himself a poet, has not only illustrated his productions with the taste and feeling of a congenial mind, but has translated a few of them with the greatest elegance and spirit. Of these we

we shall give our readers two specimens in different styles ; for the Italian of the latter we must refer them to the publication—

‘ Oimè, che belle lagrime fur quelle
Che'l nembo di disio stillando mossè !
Quando il giusto dolor che'l cor percossè,
Sali poi su nell' amorose stelle !

Rigavon per la delicata pelle
Le bianche guancie dolcemente rosse,
Come chiar rio faria, che'n prato fossè,
Fior bianchi, e rossi, le lagrime belle ;

Lieto amor stava in l'amorosa pioggia,
Com' uccel dopo il sol, bramate tanto,
Lieto riceve rugiadosa stille.

Poi piangendo in quelli occhi ov' egli alloggia,
Facea del bello e doloroso pianto,
Visibilmente uscir dolce faville.

‘ Ah pearly drops, that pouring from those eyes,
Spoke the dissolving cloud of soft desire !
What time cold sorrow chill'd the genial fire,
“ Struck the fair urns and bade the waters rise.”

Soft down those cheeks, where native crimson vies
With ivory whiteness, see the chrystals throng ;
As some clear river winds its stream along,
Bathing the flowers of pale and purple dyes.

Whilst Love, rejoicing in the amorous shower,
Stands like some bird, that after sultry heats
Enjoys the drops, and shakes his glittering wings :

Then grasps his bolt, and conscious of his power,
Midst those bright orbs assumes his wonted seat,
And thro' the lucid shower his living light'ning flings.”

Vol. i. P. 260.

The image of Love bathing his wings, which has been used by several poets, Mr. Roscoe traces up to this sonnet of Lorenzo, as the original of it.—The next is of a graver cast ; and with it we shall conclude our account of this volume, and, for the present, of this interesting publication—

‘ Rise from thy trance, my slumbering genius rise,
That shrouds from truth's pure beam thy torpid eyes !
Awake, and see, since reason gave the rein
To low desire, thy every work how vain.
Ah think how false that bliss the mind explores,
In futile honours, or unbounded stores ;
How poor the bait that would thy steps decoy
To sensual pleasure, and unmeaning joy.

Rouse all thy powers for better use designed,
And know thy native dignity of mind;
Not for low aims and mortal triumphs given,
Its means exertion, and its object heaven.

'Hast thou not yet the difference understood,
'Twixt empty pleasure, and substantial good?
Not more opposed—by all the wise confess,
The rising orient from the farthest west.

'Doom'd from thy youth the galling chain to prove
Of potent beauty, and imperious love,
Their tyrant rule has blighted all thy time,
And marr'd the promise of thy early prime.
Tho' beauty's garb thy wondering gaze may win,
Yet know that wolves, that harpies dwell within.

'Ah think, how fair thy better hopes had sped,
Thy widely erring steps had reason led;
Think, if thy time a nobler use had known,
Ere this the glorious prize had been thine own.
Kind to thyself, thy clear discerning will
Had wisely learnt to sever good from ill.
Thy spring-tide hours consum'd in vain delight,
Shall the same follies close thy wint'ry night?
With vain pretexts of beauty's potent charms,
And nature's frailty blunting reason's arms?
—At length thy long lost liberty regain,
Tear the strong tie, and break the inglorious chain,
Freed from false hopes assume thy native powers,
And give to reason's rule thy future hours;
To her dominion yield thy trusting soul,
And bend thy wishes to her strong control;
Till Love, the serpent that destroy'd thy rest,
Crush'd by her hand shall mourn his humbled crest.'

Vol. i. p. 284.

The Story of the Moor of Venice. Translated from the Italian, with two Essays on Shakespeare, and preliminary Observations. By Wolstenholme Parr, A. M. late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Cadell and Davies. 1795.

THIS publication consists of an *Essay on Shakespeare's Coriolanus*, and another on *Othello*,—the story on which *Othello* is founded, translated from the Italian,—and an Appendix, containing a Mahomedan prayer, which the eccentric Wortley Montague is said to have worn about his neck till he died. In the essays we meet with nothing peculiarly acute and ingenious, though many of the observations may be just.

just. As to Coriolanus, it certainly is not Shakspeare's best play; and we are of the opinion of the essay writer, that the catastrophe might be more highly wrought, though we do not think that the previous display of the character of Coriolanus is by any means useless. The story of *the Moor of Venice* is translated from *Giraldi Cintio*. Giraldi wrote an hundred novels divided into decades; and the Moor of Venice is the seventh of the third decade. The edition was printed by Leonardo Torrentino, 1561. It is well known that our great dramatic writer borrowed all his plots which were not historical, from the popular stories of the time. In the present instance, the play follows the track of the novel in all the chief circumstances. But the catastrophe is varied. Exceptionable as the strangling of Desdemona is, it is infinitely less so than the brutal murder of the story:—and we need not say, how much more interesting is the generous remorse of Othello, than his dying by the tardy vengeance of his wife's relations. It is possible, however, that Shakspeare might have seen some other edition of the same story, in which strangling was substituted for the other mode of murder; for if he had invented the strangling, one would suppose he might have managed it better.

After all, though literary curiosity is gratified by tracking our great bard in the footsteps of those writers who have furnished him with his plots and incidents, his admirers have no occasion to tremble for his fame, though it should be proved that he had borrowed every circumstance he has introduced:—*that* rests on a much higher ground, the exhibition of character. The account of the murder, to which we have referred, is as follows—

‘ And discoursing together if poison or the dagger would be best, and not liking either the one or the other, the ensign said, “ A method has occurred to me that would satisfy you without creating the least suspicion. The house where you live is very old, and the ceiling of your chamber is broken in many places. Desdemona might be beaten to death with a stocking full of sand, and no marks of this would remain on the body: when she is dead we will pull down a part of the ceiling, and bruise your wife's head; then give out that a beam in falling has done this, and killed her. If you follow this advice you will avoid all suspicion, and every one will believe her death to have been accidental.” This savage advice pleased the Moor; and waiting for a convenient opportunity, he concealed the ensign one night in a closet that communicated with their chamber. When they were in bed the ensign according to his instruction made a noise in the closet, and the Moor immediately asked his wife if she had heard it? She answer-

ed yes.—“Get up then and see what it is.” Poor Desdemona obeyed, and as soon as she was near the closet-door the ensign rushed out, and with the stocking that he had prepared gave her a violent blow on the small of the back. She fell down scarce able to breathe; but with what little force she had, she called the Moor to her assistance. He got out of bed, and said to her, “Most infamous woman, you are now to receive the just reward of your infidelity!—even so are those wives treated who, pretending to love their husbands, are untrue to their beds.” The poor woman hearing these words, and feeling that she was ready to expire from a second blow that the ensign had given her, said, “That since the justice of this world was refused her, she attested the divine justice in favour of her honour and her truth;” and invoking the divine assistance, she was finished by the impious ensign, who struck her a third time. Afterwards they placed her in bed; and after breaking her skull, they drew down, as they had determined beforehand, a part of the ceiling. The Moor then called out for help as the house was falling. The neighbours on this alarm ran thither, and found Desdemona dead under the beams. Her life had been so virtuous that every one lamented her fate; and the following day she was buried, to the great sorrow of the whole island. But God, who is a just observer of the hearts of men, suffered not so great a crime to pass without the punishment that was due to it. So that the Moor, who had loved Desdemona more than his eyes, finding himself deprived of her, began to regret her so extremely, that he almost lost his senses, and went about the house looking for her in every room. Reflecting besides that the ensign had been the cause of his losing along with her all the enjoyments of life, and even his own faculties, that villain became so insupportable to him that he could not bear the sight of him; and had he not feared the strict and impartial justice of the Venetians, he would have put him openly to death. But not being able to do this with safety to himself, he degraded him from his commission, and permitted him no longer to remain in the company. Hence arose between them the most bitter enmity that can be conceived; and the ensign, the greatest of all villains, studied only how he might be revenged on the Moor. He went to the lieutenant, who was cured and walked about with his wooden leg, and said to him, “The time is now come when you may be revenged for the loss of your leg; and if you will come with me to Venice, I will tell you who the assassin was. Here I dare not inform you for many reasons; but there I will be your witness in a court of justice.” The lieutenant, who felt himself violently exasperated against the person though unknown to him, thanked the ensign, and came away with him to Venice. When they were arrived, the ensign told him that the Moor was the person who had cut off his leg, because he suspected him of adultery with his wife, and that for the same reason he had murdered

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ed her, and afterwards given out that she had been killed by the ceiling's falling in upon her. The lieutenant on hearing this, immediately accused the Moor before the council of the injury done to himself and the murder of Desdemona; and the ensign being called as a witness, asserted the truth of both these accusations, and added that the Moor had communicated to him the whole project, with a view of persuading him to execute both these crimes; and when he had murdered his wife from the impulse of a furious jealousy, he had related to him the manner in which he had put her to death. The Venetian magistrates hearing that one of their fellow-citizens had been treated with so much cruelty by a barbarian, had the Moor arrested in Cyprus and brought to Venice, where, by means of the torture, they endeavoured to find out the truth. But the Moor possessed force and constancy of mind sufficient to undergo the torture without confessing any thing; and though by his firmness he escaped death at this time, he was after a long imprisonment condemned to perpetual exile, in which he was afterwards killed, as he deserved to be, by his wife's relations.' p. 56.

The Mahomedan prayer, given in the Appendix, and which, it must be confessed, is but slightly connected with Othello, was, it seems, a charm; and the following story is told of it;—a similar tale is related of the ring of Charlemagne—

'We are told in the Tales of Seich Gemaluddin Jusof (to whom may the mercy of God be shewn) that Halissa, the Lord of Credenti *, had in his service a hundred young slaves, all of whom were of extraordinary beauty. It happened one day that a black woman, called Mergian, was presented to him, for whom it was impossible to awaken the passions of whoever beheld her. To such a degree was she disgusting and deformed. The moment Halissa saw her his affections were raised to the greatest height. He fell in love and neglected the other slaves. Day and night he lived only with her, and placed in her hands all his possessions. He could not be without her for a single moment, and consulted her in affairs of the utmost importance, to the great astonishment of the matrons and other slaves. By the divine permission she one day fell sick; and her infirmity continually increasing, was accomplished also in her that divine decree which circumscribes and renders inevitable the final close of mortal life. She was afterwards stripped to be buried. But this was not permitted by her enamoured master, who for three days and three nights took no food, not so much as a drop of water; and deplored his loss beyond the reach of consolation.

'The holy ministers of the canon assembled about him, and by

* In the original, perhaps, *de' credenti*, the lord of the believers, that is of the Mussulmans,—a title often applied to the caliphs, &c. REV.

various exhortations prevailed on him to allow her to be interred. As they were carrying her body to its tomb, the following prayer fell from the ringlets of her hair, and was immediately carried to the sovereign. As soon as he had read it, he desired to see the dead body; which then appeared, even in his eyes, a frightful and deformed slave. He was struck with surprise and astonishment. When the ministers of the court knew that Mergian no longer appeared beautiful in the eyes of her master, they discovered this change to be occasioned by the pious ejaculation which she had constantly worn. So that taking it from the hands of their sovereign, and considering its substance, they declared it to be good, of incomparable accuracy, and worthy of their entire approbation. This ought to be worn about the person or in the hair, in order to feel its prodigious effects. It renders the person who wears it invulnerable to the darts of slander, preserves them from enchantments, and every other perverse operation of human malice, and gives duration and increase to prosperity and pleasure. Whoever doubts the efficacy of this relique, is certainly both atheist and infidel. May the Lord God preserve us from such blindness.' r. 86.

We must remark that Mr. Parr is not the first who has translated the story of Giraldi; and that his materials are rather too slight and too miscellaneous, to furnish a very respectable publication.

A Practical Essay on the good and bad Effects of Sea-Water and Sea-Bathing. By John Anderson, M. D. F. A. S. C. M. S. &c. Physician to, and a Director of, the general Sea Bathing Infirmary at Margate. 8vo. 2s. Sewed. Dilly. 1795.

MUCH as the practice of sea-bathing has increased within these few years, little attention has yet been paid to the nature of the diseases in which it may be recommended with the greatest probability of success, or to the affording of suitable directions for those who employ it.

Nor will the pamphlet before us present much novelty of information on these points. The materials of which it is composed, are not only ill-arranged, but extremely trifling; and the directions which it contains, are given in much too vague and indeterminate a manner, to be of advantage to those who may make use of the remedy. The author's attention seems to have been directed more to the recommendation of Margate as a *bathing place*, than the pointing out with precision the diseases in which sea-bathing may be had recourse to with the greatest prospect of relief, or describing the circumstances and situations in which it may be safely employed.

Indeed

Indeed the determination of these points is by no means a task of easy execution; it requires a considerable portion of philosophical as well as medical knowledge. A nice application of chemical and physiological principles is necessary to the full and proper explanation of the action of bathing on the human system, whether it be hot, cold, or that of the sea. It is, therefore, not the accounts of those who have been engaged in conducting *bathing* patients, or the reports of nurses, that can alone be trusted to; the experience and observation of those who have attentively considered the subject, and who are capable of discerning and discriminating effects, must also be had recourse to, in order fully to ascertain the situations in which sea-bathing is useful.

After mentioning a *few* of the circumstances which should be constantly attended to in sea-bathing, Dr. Anderson recommends the use of it in most of the diseases of the uterine system; as he finds it to be a fact, that sea-bathing both opens and shuts, relaxes and braces, or has 'the power and property of removing suppressed menses, and of restraining a too abundant flow.'

If the doctor had attended for a moment to the state of the system in which these different effects take place, he would not have had so much difficulty in the explanation of these *seemingly* opposite effects.

We are next told, that—

'The virtue and efficacy of the sea-bath is not always so sensibly felt immediately while on the spot, as in a few weeks afterwards. In the above two ladies' cases, wherein the bath had been persisted in too long, that is, until their habits were too much despoiled, a morbid turn given to the fluids, and loss of tension to the solids; yet, on the bath being desisted from, I found it easier to restore their much debilitated habits by proper medicinal and dietetic adjuvants than if the symptoms had arisen from any morbid cause. I have found it less difficult to cure hysteria after a course of sea-bathing, though I have never met with any yet cured by it alone. I say the same of epilepsy and some other diseases, wherefore in certain cases, it is only auxiliary.' P. 20.

We have not much opinion of any remedy, the effects of which are not almost immediately evident. The following passage will afford the reader an opportunity of judging of Dr. Anderson's claims as a writer and medical reasoner—

'If the sea bath had not only the effect of causing universal oscillation and contraction, but also expansion, it would not be so efficacious in subduing viscosity, or preternatural cohesion in the fluids, and fitting them for passing through the glandular strainers; and the noxious principle for being separated, and either depurated

on safe parts, or cast off by the different emunctories or outlets from the body, to leave room for the introduction of new benign particles fit for the process of assimilation, animalization, and reparation of the waste. Unassimilated particles bring nothing to the stock of the animal fibres, for making them strong and elastic, in their alternate contraction and dilatation.

‘Animals and vegetables, as well as the ocean, require to be kept in a continual fluxionary state of ebbing and flowing, contracting and dilating, heating and cooling, filling and emptying. And though some require oftener and greater mutation than others, yet none bear with ease the violent extreme long continued. Extreme right is extreme wrong. Swimming long dispirits more by the relaxation of the water than by the exercise, and gives cramps, chills, and rigors. The sea-bath does not altogether depend upon the mere stimulus of heat and cold on the organs of sensation, but also upon the absorption of some of the aqueous saline particles, or how comes such great changes to take place in the animal economy? Sea-water, though very penetrating, as the orifices of the inhalent and exhalent vessels are induced to contract on entering the cold bath, there cannot much of the watery particles be absorbed, or the animal fluids pass off on a momentary dip: only, on a long and a frequent immersion, laxation and debility take place. The cold application to the skin, whether of air or water, contracts the pores, and retains innate heat, *i. e.* condenses the rarefied spirituous air, which, on the pressure being taken off, breaks out again with greater force upon the superficies of the body.

‘As gravity and pressure must be taken into account, a dip in the sea must be preferable to a dip in a tub or river. In the tepid bath neither gravity nor pressure, nor spring is so much wanted, only longer continuance to answer the purpose of a relaxant, softener, and cleanser. All that is wanted by the sea-bath for the animal machine is to bring about the equipoise or mutual balance between the solids and fluids in the system, for maintaining the pabulum vitæ, or spark of life.’ p. 23.

A little farther on we meet with more *reasoning* respecting pressure, and a portion of unintelligible stuff concerning ‘nature abhorring a vacuum.’

In turning over a few more of the pages of this essay, we were struck with a circumstance which is certainly not very favourable to the quarter whence the author has *principally* derived his information, and his ‘practical facts.’ The doctor has learned from the Margate sea-bathing *guides*, that they consider a dip in the salt-water ‘as a certain specific’ against that dreadful disease the hydrophobia.

But though the ignorant and credulous guides to whom the author applied, might suppose, or even believe this to be really

the case,—no man who has the least pretension to medical erudition, could for a moment entertain such an opinion. The voice of fatal experience has long been decisively opposed to the conclusion. If the author had sufficiently attended to the numerous reports and histories of cases of this kind, he would have had reason not only to *doubt*, but to be convinced of the inutility and inefficacy of the remedy.

In nervous and hypochondriacal disorders, the doctor's promises are at least equal to any that we remember to have been made by the celebrated Martin Van Butchell—

'Quit (says he) the smoky town, and fly hither to the Isle of Thanet (the island of health) and I will promise you health, strength, and good spirits, unless the complaint be too deeply rooted ever to have *mens sana in corpore sano*.' p. 41.

Having strongly advised the use of sea-bathing under *proper* directions, in a variety of other disorders which affect the human frame, the doctor draws his labours to a conclusion, and sums up 'the power, operation, influence, and effect of sea-bathing,' as generally employed, in the following *very perspicuous* manner. It is, says he,

'Strengthening or debilitating,
Bracing or relaxing,
Stimulant or sedative,
Augmenting or diminishing,
Condensing or rarefying,
Elevating or depressing,
Inspissating or attenuating,
Evacuating or restraining,
Altering or confirming,
Purifying or vitiating,
Heating or cooling,
Indurating or mollifying,
Deterging and healing,
Irritating, inflaming, and exulcerating.

'In a word, in some affections it is curative, even specific: in others it disagrees, and in some dubious.' p. 62.

We could have wished to have had it in our power to have spoken more favourably of the tract before us, particularly as the profits arising from its sale are to be applied to the use of a charitable establishment, the 'general sea-bathing infirmary at Margate,'—an institution which we are in some respects inclined to think favourably of. We hope, however, that the promised researches of Dr. Anderson may tend to enlarge the boundaries of our knowledge on a subject which is still imperfectly

perfectly understood; and that 'the torch,' which he tells us he has put 'into the hands of the inquisitive,' may lead to useful discoveries in the science of medicine.

The Pains of Memory. A Poem. By Robert Merry, A. M.
4to. 3s. Sewed. Robinsons. 1796.

WHETHER a retrospective view of life is productive of most pleasure or pain, has been disputed by men of reflection; and each side of the question has been maintained by the poets. The pleasures of memory have been beautifully represented by Mr. Rogers,—and the title of the present poem, we suppose, has some reference to that. Without inquiring whether Mr. Rogers or Mr. Merry has chosen the more agreeable subject for poetry, we may venture to say, that the pleasures and the pains of memory, are both calculated to produce those lively conceptions and strong feelings that accord with a poetical imagination.

With respect to the present poem,—though it is, perhaps, not so full of incident as might be wished, and inclines to a kind of monotony of querulousness, it yet possesses many very beautiful passages, that must awaken all the tender sympathies, and please every lover of poetry:—we with pleasure select the following—

' When mournful evening's gradual vapours spread
O'er the dim plain, and veil the river's bed;
While her own star with dull and wat'ry eye
Peeps through the sev'ring darkness of the sky;
While the mute birds to lonely coverts haste,
And silence listens on the slumb'rous waste:
When tyrant frost his strong dominion holds,
And not a blade expands, a bud unfolds,
But nature dead, divested of her green,
Cloath'd in a solemn pallid shroud is seen:
When gather'd thunders burst, abrupt, and loud,
And midnight lightning leaps from cloud to cloud,
Or rends, with forceful, momentary stroke,
The ivied turret, and the giant oak;
Can faint remembrance of meridian mirth,
Bedeck with visionary charms the earth;
Renew the season when each wak'ning flow'r
Lifted its leaves to drink the morning show'r;
Dispel the gloom, the fi'ry storm remove,
Gem the wide vault and animate the grove?
The fond illusions could but feebly shew,
The colours scarce appear, or faintly glow,

Fix'd

Fix'd would the sad realities remain,
And memory waste her vaunted stores in vain.
Alas! all inefficient is her pow'r,
To cheer, by what is past, the present hour,
For ev'ry good gone by, each transport o'er,
She may regret, but never can restore.
Yet shall her fest'ring touch corrode the heart,
Compel the subjugated tear to start:
She calls grim phantoms, from the shad'wy deep,
And sends her furies forth to torture sleep:
The lapse of time, the strength of reason dares,
And with fresh rage her straining rack prepares.' P. 1.

The following description of madness is very poetical—

' Observe yon structure stretching o'er the plain,
Sad habitation of the lost, insane!
Ha! at the grates what grisly forms appear,
What dismal shrieks of laughter wound the ear!
Heart-broken love the tenderest measure pours,
Sighs, and laments, incessantly adores;
Insatiate fury clanks his pond'rous chains,
Suspicious av'rice counts ideal gains;
Bewilder'd pride the swelling crest uprears,
And causeless penitence is drown'd in tears:
Wan jealousy, with scrutinizing glance,
On ev'ry side sees rival youths advance;
While maddest murder waits the sword to draw,
And ostentation flaunts in robes of straw:
Pale, piteous melancholy clasps her hands,
Sunk in deep thought, and as a statue stands;
Convulsive joy, imaginary state,
Low envy, ghastly fear, determin'd hate,
Loud agonizing horror, dumb despair,
And all the passions are distorted there.
Amidst those gall'ries drear, those doleful cells,
The unrelenting despot, mem'ry, dwells.
Fix'd on the burning brain, she urges still
Her ruthless pow'r, in mock'ry of the will;
Regretted raptures, long remember'd woes,
And ev'ry varying anguish, she bestows;
This is her sumptuous palace, these her slaves,
She reigns triumphant when the maniac raves.
But O! her victims feel the heaviest stroke,
Whene'er at intervals the spell is broke;
When casual reason is awhile restor'd,
And they themselves are by themselves deplor'd.' P. 21.

We

We close our quotations with the following very affecting and beautiful lines —

‘Thou too, forgetfulness! whose opiate charm
Can hush the passions, and their rage disarm;
Approach, O kindly grant thy suppliant, aid!
Wrap him in sweet oblivion’s placid shade;
Veil the gay, transitory scenes, that fled,
Like gleamy sunshine o’er the mountain’s head;
Sink in the dark abyss of endless night
The artificial phantoms of delight;
Nor let his early ign’rance, and mistake,
The sober bliss of age and reason shake.
Hide from his heart each suff’ring country’s woe,
And o’er its chains thy cov’ring mantle throw;
Hide yon deluded agonizing train,
Who bleed by thousands on the purple plain;
Their piercing cries, their dying groans controul,
And lock up all the feelings of his soul.
Shield him from slander’s persecuting race,
Who seek to wound, and labour to disgrace,
Who view the humblest worth with jealous eye,
The viper brood of black malignity!
So shall, perchance, content with thee return,
’Mongst vernal sweets to raise his wintry urn;
To his retreat tranquillity repair,
“And freedom dwell a pensive hermit there.”
O! in retirement may he rest at last,
The present, calm, forgotten all the past;
Beside the babbling brook at twilight’s close,
Taste the soft solace of the mind’s repose;
Lift the lorn nightingale’s impressive lay,
That soothes the evening of retiring May,
When the young moon her paly flag displays,
And o’er the stream the panting zephyr strays;
No heedless hours recall’d, no festive roar,
That once deluded, but can please no more;
No wild emotions bid his comforts cease,
Or from his cottage drive the angel peace;
Nor vain ambition tempt his thoughts anew,
But still preserve the friendship of the few;
Still, still preserve the fond domestic smile,
Of her, whose voice can ev’ry care beguile;
With meek philosophy his hours employ,
Or thrilling poetry’s delicious joy;
And from the faded promises of youth,
Retain the love of liberty and truth.’ p. 33.

The

The public are already possessed of favourable specimens of Mr. Merry's poetical talents; and from the preceding quotations, we doubt not, our readers will not scruple to pronounce, that the Pains of Memory possesses very considerable merit.

Epistles Domestic, Confidential, and Official, from General Washington. Written about the Commencement of the American Contest, when he entered on the Command of the Army of the United States, &c. &c. 8vo. 5s. Boards. Rivingtons. 1796.

WHEN the volume before us first came to our hands, we took it up with avidity, expecting that it no doubt contained the promised continuation of, or the Appendix to, the two interesting volumes of general Washington's genuine and authentic 'Official Letters,' of which we gave our readers an account last year *. But we were soon undeceived by the following history of its contents—

'The public will naturally be inquisitive as to the authenticity of the following letters. For every thing else, they will speak for themselves: and, for their genuineness, the editor conceives himself concerned to give only such vouchers as he himself has received. By the last packet he was favoured with a letter from a friend, now serving in a loyal corps under brigadier-general Delancey of New-York, of which he here subjoins a faithful extract.' "Among the prisoners at Fort-Lee, I espied a mulatto fellow, whom I thought I recollected, and who confirmed my conjectures by gazing very earnestly at me. I asked him if he knew me. At first he was unwilling to own it; but when he was about to be carried off, thinking, I suppose, that I might, perhaps, be of some service to him, he came and told me, that he was Billy, and the old servant of general Washington. He had been left there on account of an indisposition which prevented his attending his master. I asked him a great many questions, as you may suppose; but found very little satisfaction in his answers. At last, however, he told me that he had a small portmanteau of his master's, of which, when he found that he must be put into confinement, he entreated my care. It contained only a few stockings and shirts; and I could see nothing worth my care, except an almanack, in which he had kept a sort of a journal, or diary of his proceedings since his first coming to New York: there were also two letters from his lady, one from Mr. Custis, and some pretty long ones from a Mr. Lund Washington. And in the same bundle with them, the first draughts, or

* See Vol. XIII. p. 428, and Vol. XVI. p. 170.

foul copies, of answers to them. I read these with avidity; and being highly entertained with them, have shewn them to several of my friends, who all agree with me, that *he is a very different character from what they had supposed him.*" PP. 1, 2.

Different indeed ! very different from what he ever was, or is, or e'er will be. But, not to keep our readers in suspense, we proceed to inform them that the extract above quoted, and the letters to which it relates, are, all together, an arrant forgery,—a forgery, however, not of recent date, but a stale antiquated one. During the American contest, when British *honour* stooped to many a deed on which we should blush to bestow the appropriate epithet,—when every attempt to decoy and wean general Washington from the service of his country had proved fruitless,—when no better success had attended a conspiracy against his person (see his Official Letters, vol. i. p. 174), and the wretch who had been bribed to betray or assassinate his general, had paid his forfeit life at the gallows,—then, a staunch loyalist, a faithful servant of the ruling ministry, fabricated these pieces (*dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat ? ! ! !*) for the laudable purpose of bringing the American chief into disrepute, and rendering him an object of suspicion in the eyes of his countrymen.—Had the stratagem succeeded,—had general Washington been removed from office, and the conduct of the army been intrusted to some hot-headed and less prudent commander, who would on every occasion have rashly led out his raw troops into the field against the veterans of Britain, of Hesse-Cassel, and of Waldeck,—it is by no means improbable that the royal army might have marched triumphant from one end of the continent to the other, with as much ease as the French have since over-run Holland.—But, to return to our subject,—In New York,—at the head-quarters of the British army,—under the wing of the British commander in chief, these letters were manufactured : and they were there published in a ministerial newspaper that was infamous all over the continent for the shameless and impudent falsehoods which it daily held forth to the eyes of an astonished and indignant people. In that paper it was common to see pretended resolutions of congress, calculated to disband the American armies, or make them rise in rebellion against their employers,—and to alienate the whole country from the cause of liberty. One black instance of such forgery is mentioned with becoming indignation and contempt by general Washington in his Official Letters (vol. ii. p. 267) ; and many others might be quoted, if it were worth our while, or if we thought our readers could patiently bear the recital of the infamy of their countrymen.—The fabricator of these letters was well known at the time ; and we have been credi-

bly informed (but unable positively to ascertain the fact) that he was complimented with a handsome pension, as a reward for his loyalty and well-meant efforts on that and similar occasions. Though his stratagem failed of success, the intention was nevertheless equally meritorious, and entitled him to the grateful regards of those who never fail to reward talents exerted in *so good* a cause. The Americans, however, despised and laughed at the contents of the mulatto's budget, and continued to repose the same well-merited confidence in their general, as before; and the pretended letters were apparently consigned to eternal oblivion,—when, contrary to all expectation, the obsolete slander has been lately revived by some of the opposers of general Washington's government, who have collected them into a volume, in hopes, no doubt, to mislead the new generation that has sprung up since the war, and the numerous emigrants who have settled in America within the last twenty years. But the editors cannot hope to mislead posterity: for impartial History will never deign to dip her pencil in this impure puddle of falsehood and slander, nor darken the fair character of the American chief with any of the black colouring here presented to her by the hand of stark-naked unblushing Forgery. If she condescend to take any notice of the contents of this volume, it will be only for the purpose of recording the infamy of those who were concerned in the fabrication and propagation of such shameless calumny, and to exhibit, in an advantageous point of view, the good sense and discernment of the Americans, who condemned and disregarded it.

To give our readers, however, a specimen of the fabricator's abilities, we lay before them the most striking passages,—those which constituted the chief object of the forgery; the rest, in fact, being 'nought but leather and prunello,'—mere common-place trash, solely calculated as a convenient cloak to screen the poisoned dagger intended to assassinate the character of the American commander—

'Our want of skill, our want of ammunition, in short, our want of every thing which an army ought to have, are all, no doubt, exceedingly against us; but, they are all nothing to our *want of virtue*—Unused to the many arts and devices, by which *designing men* carry their points, I unwillingly listened to my own apprehensions, when early in the first congress, I thought I saw a tendency to *measures which I never could approve of*. I reasoned myself, however, out of my fears, with no ordinary reproach on my own meanness, in having given way to suspicions, which could not be true, unless we had *men amongst ourselves more flagitious than even those we were opposing*. At length, however, when a continental army came to be voted for, my fears returned with redoubled

force: for then, for the first time, I clearly saw our aims reached farther than we cared to avow. It was carried with an unanimity that really astonished me; because I knew many who voted for it, were as *averse to the independency of America, as I WAS*. And they even ridiculed me for my apprehensions on that account: and, indeed, when they suggested that Great Britain, seeing us apparently determined to risk every thing rather than that they should tax us, would never think of engaging in a civil war with us, which must necessarily cost her more than even America could repay her, I could not but hope, that I was mistaken; and that our military preparations might be a good political movement. In one thing, however, we all agreed, that, as the forces were chiefly to be raised in New-England, it would be extremely rash and imprudent in the southern delegates to leave them in the possession of so formidable a power without any check. I need not tell you, that it was *this consideration* which, if am to be credited, *soresly against my will, determined me to accept of the command of this army.*'

P. 6.

'What you say on the subject of independency is perfectly judicious, and, no doubt, highly worthy of all our most serious consideration. Yet, I have a præsentiment, that it will take place, and speedily. Open and unreserved as my conduct towards you has ever been, I have no reluctance to confess to you, that *the measure is diametrically opposite to my judgment*; for I have not yet despaired of an honourable reconciliation; and whilst I can entertain but an hope of that, both interest and inclination lead me to prefer it to every thing else upon earth. Human affairs are oddly ordered: to obtain what you most wish for, you must often make use of means you the least approve of.

'As in bargaining, to obtain a fair and equal price, you must frequently ask more than you wish to take. *I do not really wish for independence. I hope there are few who do.*' P. 21.

'We have overshot our mark: we have grasped at things beyond our reach: it is impossible we should succeed; and *I cannot, with truth, say that I am sorry for it; because I am far from being sure that we deserve to succeed.*' P. 5.

'As far as I have the controul of them, all our preparations of war aim only at peace. It is impossible to suppose, that, in the leisure and quiet of winter quarters, men will not have virtue to listen to the dictates of plain common sense and sober reason. *I love my king*; you know I do: a soldier, a good man cannot but love him. How peculiarly hard then is our fortune, to be deemed traitors to *so good a king*! But I am not without hopes, that *even he will yet see cause to do me justice.*' PP. 61, 62.

Here

Here was sufficient (had it but gained credit) to render the entire congress, and all the supporters of American independency, hostile to the supposed writer. The motive attributed to him for taking the command of the army, was also well devised to render the whole of the New-England states jealous of him. And to render him unpopular in the southern states also, the fabricator was careful to make him draw a very unfavourable character of the influential family of the Lees, p. 50,—to paint in equally disadvantageous colours that of Mr. Henry, the idol of Virginia,—to suggest the hint of undermining and superseding him in the office of governor, p. 49,—and to drop a left-handed compliment (p. 64) calculated to disgust the whole corps of the Virginian officers. But we forbear to quote this trash, and hasten to present our readers with the following precious *morceau*,—the master-stroke of the whole performance. It was certainly well contrived to excite in the minds of the Americans the idea of a Pisistratus, a Cæsar, or a Cromwell,—and sufficient, of itself alone, to have entitled the writer to a handsome pension—

‘There are men who are for ever suggesting suspicions and jealousies of the army and its commander. My own heart assures me I mean them no ill: however, if I really have the influence and ascendancy which they suppose, *I will* for their sakes, as well as my own, *hereafter maintain it at some little cost*. A thousand considerations determine me *to strain every nerve to prevent the army’s being under any other controul, whilst I live*. Let a persuasion of the necessity of this, if occasion should arise, be seasonably urged in my native state: and in the mean while, *let some more than ordinary pains be taken to make me popular*. Their own honour and interest are both concerned in my being so. Shew this to Mr. Dandridge; and, as you both can *enter into my meaning, even from the most distant hints*, I can rest satisfied, that you will do every thing I wish you.’ P. 51.

The Appendix presents us with an instance of barefaced forgery, which must reflect eternal disgrace on the author and propagators of it. We are presented with one hundred and twenty-six pages of papers (such as they are) respecting the treatment and exchange of prisoners,—the whole tending to impress the reader with a persuasion that the exchange was purposely avoided on the part of general Washington from motives of ‘cruel and unjustifiable policy,’ viz. an unwillingness to release British soldiers enlisted for life, in exchange for Americans, who, having completed their term of service, would immediately return to their families, instead of rejoining the continental army. And the better to inculcate a belief that he was actuated by such motive, a resolution of congress

is introduced (p. 104), apparently giving him full power to treat for a general exchange of prisoners. But, on comparing that resolution with the printed Journals of Congress, we find it to be grossly falsified in the instance before us: and, lest we should attribute the *faux-pas* to a casual error of the press, the same falsification is again repeated in two other places, pages 110, and 115. In all those three passages, the congress are made to say, that 'if all the officers of the enemy shall be exchanged, and a balance of prisoners remain in their hands, then an equivalent of *privates* shall be settled;' whereas, in the Journals (vol. iv. p. 667), we find 'a balance of *officers*,' and 'an equivalent of *privates*, to be given in exchange for such officers;' congress having limited their views, on that occasion, to the release of their officers only, and effectually tied up their general's hands from proceeding any farther in the business of exchanges than was absolutely necessary for the attainment of that single object.—Whether, or how far, that body might have been influenced by the political consideration abovementioned, we leave it to others to determine:—certain it is, that the exchanges were not always carried on with a degree of alacrity and expedition equal to the wishes of the unfortunate sufferers, and their friends: but it is equally certain, that, if there existed any such motive for backwardness and delay, as that which is here suggested, it neither originated with general Washington, nor was, in the smallest degree, sanctioned by his approbation. On the contrary, he ever reprobated such policy: and, accordingly, we find him (in his Official Letters, vol. ii. pp. 235, & *seqq.*) combating it with all the glow of language, and energy of argument, which the honest indignation of a generous heart, and a tender sympathy for the sufferings of his gallant compatriots, could inspire.

Before we take leave of this volume,—which we would have thought unworthy of such minute attention, had we not conceived a possibility that some readers in this country might have unwarily received its contents as genuine,—we must notice an address from general Washington to an assembly of officers, at a time (March, 1783) when the most serious and alarming consequences were apprehended from the discontents which prevailed in the American army, and anonymous papers, ably and artfully written, were circulated throughout the camp (by emissaries from the British head quarters at New York, as was generally supposed), in order to excite the troops to revolt and desert the standard of congress. The address does honour both to the general's head and his heart, and well deserves to be read: for which reason, in order that the purchasers of the volume may have a correct copy of it, we furnish

furnish them with the following list of *errata*,—the true readings (which we inclose in crotchets) being transcribed from the printed Journals of Congress (vol. viii. p. 244) whence the piece was taken: for it is to be observed that the general gave that body early and particular intelligence of the whole proceedings.

‘How inconsistent with the rules of propriety, and how subversive’ [*propriety, how unmilitary, and how*]—‘let the good sense of the army judge’ [*decide*]—‘was put [*sent*] into circulation’—‘men see through difficulties’ [*different optics*]—‘the author of the piece’ [*address*]—‘the darkest suspicions’ [*suspicion*]—‘the blackest designs’ [*design*]—‘that it is intended [*and is designed*] to answer’—‘that it is intended [*calculated*] to impress’—‘premeditated injustice TO [*IN*] the sovereign power of the United States’—‘the first [*the secret*] mover’—‘warmed with [*by*] the recollection’—‘which is necessary’ [*so necessary*]—‘the hasty, irregular [*irregular and hasty*] meeting’—‘proposed to be [*to have been*] held’—‘and [*as*] my heart has ever expanded’—‘I heard [*have heard*] its praises’—‘my indignation has risen’ [*arisen*]—‘our children, and our [*children, our*] farms, and other property’—‘we have left [*have*] behind us’—‘a friend to the [*this*] country’—‘either project’ [*proposal*]—‘this [*that*] performance’—‘observations upon [*on*] the tendency’—‘recommend moderation’ [*moderate measures*]—‘every man regards [*who regards*] that liberty’—‘reveres the [*that*] justice’—‘involve the consideration’ [*involve the most serious and alarming consequences that can invite the consideration*]—‘and which [*what*] I have’—‘reason to believe’ [*conceive*]—‘from full [*a full*] conviction’—‘establish funds’ [*funds for this purpose*]—‘their deliberations’ [*determinations*]—‘which would [*may*] cast a shade’—‘which has been [*is*] celebrated’—‘we seek for’ [*seek*]—‘I had so long’ [*have so long had*]—‘those powers I AM bound [*IWE ARE bound*] to respect’—‘the utmost of [*utmost extent of*] my abilities’—‘the sacred rights [*the rights*] of humanity’—‘with blood’ [*in blood*]—‘your enemies’ [*our enemies*]—‘one more proof’ [*distinguished proof*].

We have neither leisure nor room to point out the *errata* in the other papers which accompany the address, from p. 227 to 254. Such of our readers, therefore, as wish to peruse them in their genuine state, will do well to consult the Journals of Congress, which are neither scarce nor difficult of access in this country. They will there (from p. 225 to p. 249 of vol. viii.) find the whole of them, together with other pieces on the same subject, which have been passed over in silence by the editors of this volume of forgery,—though interesting in

themselves, and absolutely necessary in order to exhibit the business in a proper point of light, and to afford a clear and impartial view of the manly and virtuous line of conduct pursued on the occasion by the American commander in chief. But, we humbly crave their pardon!—*that* might not perhaps have answered their purpose, which evidently was no other than to blacken, at all events, and vilify the character of general Washington, and to render his person and his government unpopular with the citizens of the United States.

An Essay on Musical Harmony, according to the Nature of that Science, and the Principles of the greatest Musical Authors, By Augustus Frederic Christopher Kollmann, Organist of his Majesty's German Chapel, at St. James's. Folio. 11. 15. Dale. 1796.

IT is but seldom that our attention is called to publications of this kind;—nor do we remember to have seen the present work advertised; but having had it recommended to our notice by an excellent judge of the subject, we thought it our duty to give our readers an account of it.

In recollecting the books that have appeared in our language during the present century, on the art of *musical composition*, to which this essay is chiefly confined, and on consulting the catalogue at the end of the fourth volume of Dr. Burney's *General History of Music*, we find but few works that throw any light upon the dark, thorny, and mysterious road to practical harmony, or the art of selecting and combining musical sounds in such a way as shall please ignorant lovers of music, and satisfy learned professors.

Dr. HOLDER, in 1701, gave us *the natural grounds and principles of harmony*, but no instructions for its use.

In 1721, MALCOLM'S *Treatise on Music, speculative, practical, and historical*, appeared. But though this is an elaborate work on *harmonics*, or speculative music, it contains very little instruction for *composition*; as, out of 608 pages, of which the volume consists, only thirty-eight have been appropriated to that subject; and even these, we are told by Mr. Malcolm, 'were communicated to him by a friend, who from modesty would not suffer himself to be named.' But, short and few as are the rules contained in these pages, they contain prohibitions and restrictions, which would perplex a student of the present time, and narrow his resources.

The *Treatise on Harmony*, ascribed to Dr. PEPUSCH, appeared in 1731. This little book contains many excellent rules and examples; but the art has received such improvements,

ments, or at least changes, since the time of its publication, that a musician who should know no more than he could learn from this treatise, would not rank high among modern composers.

In 1742, was published GEMINIANI's *Guida Armonica*, from which much was expected by the musicians of that time; but it turned out to be little better than the *Laputan* machine in Gulliver's Travels,—from which words and sentences, promiscuously blended by the rotatory motion of a cylinder, were fortuitously taken out for use. And a composer, by toiling at Geminiani's Dictionary of Modulation, by *mechanical operations*, may perhaps light on such detached fragments of harmony, as will suit his key and movement: and thus 'compose music without the least assistance from genius and study.'

In 1752, there appeared a very bad translation of a part of RAMEAU's *Nouveau Système de Musique Théorique*, which was first published at Paris in 1726. But the English version contains only one of four books, of which the original consists, which were afterwards newly arranged and abridged by D'Alembert, in his *Elémens de Musique*; and lastly, in 1760, the whole was newly written by Rameau himself, and published at Paris under the title of *Code de Musique*. But if this last work of that learned and once idolised musician were entirely and well translated, so different are the technica and harmonics used in France from those in every other part of Europe, that it would be found a very insufficient guide to the modern practice of harmony.

ANTONIOTTO's *Treatise on Composition*, 2 vols, folio, which were published by subscription in 1760, was the most ample and important work on the subject, which had appeared in our language and country. However, too many pages of this treatise were bestowed on the *scales*, concerning which his whole first book is chiefly occupied. And the intervals and transpositions of these scales are all the instructions he gives for *melody*. In the second book, indeed, a student may learn to pile notes on notes in polyphonic HARMONY, to the amount of eight, and even sixteen real parts! But this is all confined to one key, and fundamental progression of the base, by ascending and descending 5ths. However, by patient study, much of the mechanical part of music may be learned in this book, which being but awkwardly translated from the Italian in which it was originally written, and much darkened by pedantry and technical jargon, is by no means an alluring book, or sufficiently ample and explicit on *all* the parts of composition. But what *single book* was ever produced, which could unfold *all* the arcana of any art or science? The student who has only books for his masters, must have recourse to

to many such guides; and what he is unable to find or comprehend in one, may perhaps be communicated to him by another. It is but justice to say, that *fugui* and *canon* are more amply treated in Antoniotto's work, than in any other that has appeared in our language. But when he tells us, p. 45, that 'fundamental counterpoint was never hitherto known, and consequently never used,' the treatise by Rameau mentioned above, confutes him, as do also numerous subsequent treatises of Rameau and his followers and commentators.

HOLDEN'S *Essay towards a rational System of Music*, in small 4to, printed at Glasgow, 1770, is a very ingenious and useful little book, in which a student will find much knowledge of the art, derived both from study and the best authors of the time. This work, which merited our sincere approbation soon after it was published (see our XXXIII^d vol. 1772) was not proposed by the author as a system of practical harmony or composition, but modestly designed as an explanation 'of such particulars as every one ought to be acquainted with, who desires either to perform music with propriety and spirit, or hear it with judgment and taste.' *Instrumental music* and *modulation* have since that time made such bold strides, if not towards perfection, at least from former practice, that, though much may be still learned in this book, yet much will remain to be learnt, by those who read no other on the subject of counterpoint.

In 1771, MORLEY'S celebrated *Introduction* was reprinted, without reforming the old quaint language of the dialogue, explaining the obsolete doctrines, or supplying deficiencies by any thing new. This book is now certainly, by its age and scarcity, become more curious than useful. It exhibits the state of our language and secular music at the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign. But though the latter was truly barbarous, yet Tallis, Bird, and Morley, were as excellent composers of *church music*, as any part of Europe could then, or perhaps at any other period, boast.

The last publication that bears any affinity to the work before us, was JONES'S (the rev. W.) *Treatise on the Art of Music*, folio, 1784 (see our Review for 1785, vol. LIX.) This work was not professedly published as a treatise on composition, but 'intended (as the author informs us) for a course of lectures PREPARATORY to the practice of thorough-bass and musical composition;' so that, instead of precluding or diminishing the utility of the essay of Mr. Kollmann (a regular bred and studious professor), it seems to call for some such work, as a necessary supplement and successor to that of our reverend and ingenious dilettante.

We should now gladly enter on a minute analysis of the work

work before us, had we leisure and space; but we have so far extended our preface, that we must be very short in our remarks. Yet, when we look at the book,—a formidable folio! there is a certain dignity in its appearance, which demands a respect and attention to which a diminutive duodecimo can have little claim. But alas! folios seem to have lost their favour in the *republic* of letters, as much as the nobility of a neighbouring nation have their rank in the state! We must, however, just give a sketch of the contents of that part of this work, which seemed chiefly wanted in our language for the use of our young students in composition, who have not the means of access to a good master, or leisure to read many books. The *scales*, in all the different genera, are to be found in almost every treatise on music, as well as the description and enumeration of *conco-ords* and *disco-ords*; but their use in harmony and melody has, perhaps, not been more amply detailed in the text, and explained in the plates before, in any book that has come to our knowledge. *Chords* likewise, in accompaniment, are here well explained and accurately represented. But the most important chapters in the work seem those on *modulation*, simple and double *counterpoint*, *imitation*, *variation*, and *fancy* or extempore playing. These are laboured with uncommon diligence and success, particularly *double-counterpoint*, which we do not recollect to have seen so fully treated in any other book. The knowledge of this contrivance will greatly facilitate the construction of canons and fugues. Our author will be thought, perhaps, to have done but little in explaining the ecclesiastical modes or tones of *canto fermo*; but being a protestant, he is probably less conversant in these matters than such writers as Fux, Antoniotto, Padre Martini, and others, brought up catholics, and accustomed to compose for the Romish church.

Some curious fragments from great masters, and others by the author that are very ingenious, with several excellent German hymns, admirably enriched with harmony, have been inserted, in illustration of the doctrines laid down; and we can venture, on the whole, to recommend this as a very curious and useful work. The author, being a German, could not always avoid foreign idioms in writing English; but he has never used them to an unintelligible degree. And the plates, which are numerous and well engraved, will illuminate the text sufficiently, whenever darkness or doubts may arise.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

POLITICAL.

Sketch on the Causes of the Advance and Decline of Nations; with Strictures on Systems of Finance, particularly applied to those of France and Great Britain. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Sewed. Johnson. 1795.

THE chief positions established by this author, who, in general, follows the systems of Smith and Turgot, though not servilely, are these:—No society being confined, in its consumption, to its own productions, with part of which it purchases the produce of others, a quantity of commodities becomes necessary, sufficient for consumption, until those produced in foreign countries can be procured; although sugar be purchased with part of the produce of England, yet sugar does not immediately follow the production of those goods with which it is purchased. There must, therefore, be not only commodities sufficient for the consumption of those employed on these goods, but a quantity of sugar sufficient for consumption, until more can be procured. It is impossible for an increase of population to take place, unless labour be employed in agriculture and the useful manufactures. But as a town may increase in population without agriculture, because of its connection with the country in its neighbourhood; so may a society, even although employed in the production of articles of luxury, provided these articles are sent to others for the purchase of the produce of agriculture; and so may a society be stationary, even though employed in agriculture, should it purchase with its produce articles of luxury. This points out the relation in which different countries, or parts of the same country, may stand to each other. The general proposition is still, however, true, that agriculture and the useful manufactures must be attended to, in order to allow an increase of people. The increase of men in a savage state is limited by the spontaneous produce of the soil; in civilised society, by the proportion of labour usefully employed. Nature in the one case, man in the other, is the nurse of the rising generation. When paper is introduced into circulation, there is a relation established between it and the circulating medium, but not between paper and commodities; and by coming into circulation, and commanding goods as well as the medium, it necessarily reduces its value. If produced within the society, the employment of a smaller quantity of labour and stock will be found sufficient; if procured from another, people will be apt to purchase goods cheaper in other countries; a quantity, therefore, will be carried out, and goods carried in, or its importation for some time prevented, by this reduction in its value. Although the emission of paper gives the command of a greater proportion of the productions to certain people, than they are entitled to,—yet the saving which it occasions, must be equal to it: this proportion

portion cannot exceed the quantity of goods, in the one case carried out, or which the emission prevents being carried out,—nor, in the other, the additional quantity produced, in consequence of less labour and stock being employed in the production of the medium. The stock on which the employment of labour depends, is augmented nearly the amount of the paper in circulation.

The only other proposition we shall quote, respects the lower orders. He proves, that in order that a society shall advance in population and wealth, great wages must be given to the lower orders, which supposes economy amongst the others, and the employment of stock and labour in agriculture, and the useful manufactures; from great wages arises an increase in the population, and from the increased population, a greater production. The increase of stock always preceding, and being always followed by, an increase of people; for as no increase of people can take place, unless preceded by an increase of stock; so no further increase of stock can take place, unless followed by that of people. The productions arising from the increased population, enter the hands of the owners of stock, in place of those which had been advanced, as wages, rent, and for their own consumption; and what remains, after again advancing rent, and the ordinary wages to the same number of workmen, is profit; part of which may be consumed, part give employment to the additional number of workmen, which always follows high wages, and part may go to the augmentation of mercantile stock.

The reader will find these subjects amply illustrated in the body of the work. The author has successfully pointed out such errors in Dr. Smith's work, as interfered with his own; but he has not attained an engaging manner of writing upon subjects, in themselves dry and unentertaining. His style is generally harsh, and often has the appearance of a bad translation. He has thought attentively, however, upon his subject; and his work is a valuable addition to the science of general economy.

A Little Plain English, addressed to the People of the United States, on the Treaty negotiated with his Britannic Majesty, and on the Conduct of the President relative thereto; in Answer to 'The Letters of Franklin.' With a Supplement, containing an Account of the Turbulent and Factioned Proceedings of the Opposers of the Treaty. By Peter Porcupine, Author of Observations on Dr. Priestley's Emigration to America, A Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats, &c. &c. Philadelphia, printed: London, re-printed, 8vo. 1s. 6d. Johnson. 1796.

Mr. Porcupine having avowed himself the author of '*Observations on Dr. Priestley's Emigration*,' we are ready to retract the suspicion thrown out in our account of that pamphlet; (Crit. Rev. Vol. XIII. p. 104. New Arr.) We are happy to find that this country has the disgrace only of republication. The present pamphlet does

no discredit to the talents and temper of its author. It is alike violent, abusive, and unfounded in assertion. With the subject, indeed, he is better acquainted; and he has with some success vindicated the conduct of the president, but at the expense of that adherence to truth and decency, which a writer of a liberal and candid mind would wish to preserve.

A Second Letter to H. Duncombe, Esq. Member of Parliament for the County of York. By the Rev. William Lipscomb, Rector of Welbury, in Yorkshire. Author of the 'Case of the War considered.' 8vo. 1s. 6d. Debrett. 1795.

The '*Case of the War considered*,' was reviewed in Vol. XI. p. 226, New Arr. where we made a favourable report of the author's principles in opposing the war. In this present letter, which is dated Feb. 5, 1795, he shifts his ground, and thinks *that moment* the least proper for proposing peace, however desirable peace might appear to him. He says, 'that France has exerted for almost five years, every nerve to extort, amid the increasing wants of her people, wherewith to support the millions that have defended her territory; and that every village, in every province, hath been plundered, and is now *almost entirely exhausted*, to supply the armies on her frontiers, is a well known truth, and universally admitted!' Alas! another Feb. 5 has intervened; and what becomes of this *well-known* truth? It is a misfortune for many political pamphlets, that we have not room to review them the moment they are published. After a few weeks, their 'conclusive reasoning,' and 'undoubted facts,' are as a *tale that is told!*

The Prosperity of Great Britain, compared with the State of France, her Conquests, and Allies. Addressed principally to the Freeholders, Farmers, and Artificers of Great Britain, and particularly to those of the County of Salop. By Roseland Hunt, Esq. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Stockdale. 1796.

A short extract from the Preface to this pamphlet will give our readers an idea of its political character—

'The following sheets contain the subjects of various communications, since the month of January 1793; when the industry of sedition began to make experiments in my neighbourhood, on the temper and disposition of the inhabitants. They immediately associated; their loyal zeal and good conduct put an end to the hopes of the discontented in this quarter; and the uniform performance of their duties of every kind, has not only been a support to the cause of legal order and loyalty; but their mutual attention to each other, when in a state of difficulty from the price of corn, has been the best proof of their constitutional patriotism.' P. v.

The rest of the observations in Mr. Hunt's production perfectly
corre-

corresponds with the design hinted in the Preface, namely, that of supporting and extending the experiment of alarm,—an experiment which the administration of the country have succeeded in trying, at the expense of much public and private uneasiness.

This popular delusion could, however, from its nature, have no more than a temporary prevalence; and such publications as the present contain no intrinsic protection from an ephemeral sympathy of existence.

Observations on the present High Price of Corn, with Hints on the Cultivation of Waste Lands. By a Farmer. 8vo. 1s. Matthews. 1795.

The author of this very sensible pamphlet states, that the remarks it contains were originally produced in a letter to a friend, in answer to the following inquiries—

“Is the present advanced price of grain occasioned by adventitious circumstances only? Or is it influenced by permanent causes, which must continue to operate, although contingent circumstances should be less calamitous than at present?” P. 5.

In pursuing the discussion of these queries, the reflections of the author are truly judicious and philanthropic. For the gratification of our readers, we shall make an extract—

‘The hostile state of Europe together with its restraint on tillage, a constant concomitant on the miseries of war, has occasioned the most wanton wastes; this is doubtless one cause of the present scarcity, for as humanity is not the *first* concern of the policy belonging to the government of nations, the probability of famine in a neighbouring kingdom has unhappily suggested the idea of exerting every possible device to realize it, which of necessity must in a measure produce the like effects among ourselves, of which we now so justly complain. For ourselves or neighbours a certain quantity only is annually grown and generally apportioned to the regular consumption; by whatever means this quantity is lessened, it is a loss to the whole:—for such is the natural operation of commerce, that the abundant market will be drained to supply the necessitous, and that in defiance of every energy of state-policy.

‘Add to this, that all wars produce an increased consumption: at the present period there cannot be less than three millions in the hostile service of the belligerent powers, armies and navies included; these three millions are daily consuming the supply of nine millions employed in peaceful industry; exclusive of the waste occasioned by quantities destroyed by being ill-stored, and the risque in navigating from place to place.’ P. 6.

The foregoing observations are the offspring of a mind at once modest and intelligent: we hope, however, that the calamity of
famine

famine no longer seriously threatens this country,—that the return of peace will be accelerated, and that it will bring with it more immediate and permanent blessings than even the benevolent writer of the production before us appears to imagine.

It is matter of regret, that, while projects of eternal hostility are so earnestly pursued, the grand objects of internal policy are neglected to a degree that must astonish and grieve every well-wisher to his country.—Some of the concluding remarks of this publication are, in this important view, peculiarly impressive—

‘ When the situation of any country is such, as to induce a great weight of property and active industry to emigrate, it is a situation truly alarming: and when the apprehensions of misery rise to a certain height, no effort of policy by which it may be opposed will be sufficient to retain men under the fear of impending wretchedness, if any prospect open for escape. But could we hope against fact, we do not better the ground, for should a preventative be found, the result will be equally fraught with calamity; when no possibility of evading the weight of woes presents, we may fear and must feel the consequences, but I forbear to name them. Should the hand of power be equal to repel the dreaded issue, it presents effects less shocking in speculation, but not less ruinous in their consequences. The spirit of the labouring poor wormed out by constant disappointment and adversity, must sink in hopeless despair, their strength must diminish by an impoverished and scanty diet, population must decline, and the feeble exertions excited will fail to produce that portion of effective labour which props a sinking state and is the life of its mighty exertions.—This description is not merely imaginary; it is founded on striking facts. I was lately called upon to use arguments against a proposed combination of the workmen in an extensive manufactory, who urged that with the most active exertions they had no hope of escaping wretchedness and want; and as misery must be their portion, they would have it without labour and linger out their miserable existence in indolence on parish pay. Without recurring to this fact the conclusion is obvious; for as extra exertions call for additional supplies to restore the waste of nature, when these supplies are not attainable, the exertions must necessarily cease. My own labourers inform me, that they regularly allow themselves 6d. per day more for sustenance in task work than in daily labour; and if additional support be wanting to this conclusion, we have examples to confirm it.—Spain, Portugal, and Italy, once so formidable in power and active in their exertions, by an oppressive policy, have diminished the means of subsistence, consequently reduced population, enfeebled their active operations, and sunk their consequence among the nations. The want of needful support drives their labouring poor to recruit by sleep the wastes of nature; they have usually sixteen hours out of twenty-four for this refreshment, and a British labourer

labourer well fed is equal in effective exertion to four of them. Hence their inferiority in naval and military operations, and hence also the cause of our superiority; but this knowledge is not consolatory.—Our fleets and our armies are supplied from the mass of the labouring poor; if they diminish and degenerate, our national consequence cannot long be supported.' P. 47.

The Doctrine of Equality of Rank and Condition examined and supported on the Authority of the New Testament, and on the Principles of Reason and Benevolence. By James Pilkington. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Johnson. 1795.

The divine author, and the early propagators of our religion, found nothing more hard to combat than the love of riches. Many parables and precepts were therefore directed against this grand obstruction to the reception of the mild and benevolent religion of Jesus; and volumes might be written to prove the many evils which, in all ages of the world, in all societies and states, have arisen from avarice. But whether the cure of these evils would be an equality of rank and condition, is a matter which cannot be determined *a priori*. Reasoning, the best reasoning, that which is founded on experience, is against it. We know of no society of equality; the quakers, mentioned by our author, come the nearest to such a society: yet how great are the differences of *fortune* among them! Our author will not deny that although the Christian religion has not produced all the good that might have been expected from it, yet it has meliorated the state of society wherever it has been propagated, but it has no where produced an equality of rank and condition: on the contrary, we might argue from many of the passages he produces, that the existence of riches and poverty are recognised in scripture as a part of the divine dispensation. If the rich according to him are proud, ambitious, and destitute of religious principle, the gospel is preached to them in vain; and whence then are we to expect its effects? It is in vain to say to the rich that they *ought* to share their wealth with the poor:—they will not listen to such advice. Are we then to take from them their riches by force? Where does the Christian religion justify a measure of that kind?

Far as we are disposed from justifying the conduct of many rich men, we think Mr. Pilkington ought to have been more particular in specifying the various means by which riches are acquired. If a man by his ingenuity has invented an art by which many hundreds earn their bread, who were before destitute, and becomes rich while he is preventing others from remaining poor,—is he to be confounded with stock-jobbers,—dealers in loans and contracts,—and other state-gamblers, falsely called merchants?—Mr. Pilkington might also have considered the effect of commerce in improving the state of society, in bringing distant nations more into friendship and

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harmony one with another, and (to a certain degree) in diffusing the blessings of religion and knowledge over benighted climes; and even when he has accumulated all the vices which accompany a desire of being rich, might he not have considered, whether upon the whole most good or evil has been occasioned by this passion?

The pamphlet, however, is in general candid, and written, we believe, with no design to disturb the peace of society. The handle that will, however, be made of it, by the enemies of reformation in every shape, makes us wish that the publication of it had been deferred to the time when men shall be less disposed to misinterpret the honest labours of the philosopher and the christian.

Considerations addressed to the French Bishops and Clergy now residing in England. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Debrett. 1796.

The considerations proposed to the French bishops and clergy, should they be permitted to return to their country, consist chiefly in exhorting them to acquire a spirit more accommodating to the simplicity of the christian religion, and discard all matters in their catholic forms, which militate with the instruction of their people. The beginning, and much the greater part of the pamphlet, contains an account of the state of morality and religion in France, before the period of the revolution,—the causes of that depraved state,—and an attempt to prove that the depravity of the French nation, since the period of the revolution, was the consequence of its preceding irreligion. In this we consider our author as having completely succeeded; and we earnestly recommend this part of the pamphlet to the attention of the public in general. Too long have the people of this country been deceived with the notion that the crimes which have been committed in France since the revolution, were the effect of that revolution. This delusion, we know, has been artfully propagated by those who could not themselves be deceived. A man must be miserably ignorant of human nature, who can for a moment suppose that any change in the form of a government will of itself transform peaceable citizens into unrelenting savages. Yet this paradox has been propagated with success in a nation of thinking men:—and what has been the consequence?

‘I will only observe,’ says our author, ‘that the general outcry raised against French principles, (and, under that cover, I rather fear, against the principles of liberty itself) that they have caused more torrents of blood to flow, than any madness which had before infatuated nations, is the outcry of ignorance, unversed in the history of man. The sword of superstition, in the crusades and in its other achievements, destroyed of the human race what, in a fair calculation against the blood of France, would bear to it the proportion of thousands to units. And these thousands were butchered, under the blasphemous pretence of vindicating the ho-

nour

hour of heaven! Besides, under what plea of reason is it, that the lives of all whom this war has slain should be given to France? Let each of the belligerent powers take to themselves their own proportion, and leave to justice the critical settlement of the blood-stained balance.' p. 61.

An Address to the Electors of Great Britain. 8vo. 6d. Johnson. 1796.

This sensible little pamphlet, though more immediately applicable to the time previous to the electing of a new parliament, contains sentiments, which at all times ought to be impressed on the consciences of electors and representatives in parliament. The following quotations we give as specimens of its contents—

'Men, who have frequently absented themselves from their duty in parliament, when great and important questions were agitated there, ought not to be again returned. Nor ought any man to be elected, for any part of the kingdom, who voted in support of the two late bills, called Mr. Pitt's and Lord Grenville's bills. Indeed, no man can have a reasonable claim to your suffrages, who did not attend in his place to oppose those bills. A desertion of the interests of his constituents, on such an occasion, ought to be considered as a flagrant violation of his duty as a representative.

'From the moment that those bills passed, England was degraded, and the inhabitants of it had no longer any just claim to be ranked among free nations. To consider any country as a free country, in which an hundred persons cannot legally meet, to consider whether they are aggrieved, or whether they shall even petition the legislature, without the consent of magistrates appointed by the crown, is perfectly absurd. It is certain, that more liberty was enjoyed, by law, in the reign of James the Second, than the people of this country have been in possession of, since the passing of these bills. If this statement be true, and I will venture to affirm, that no man in the kingdom can justly controvert it, it becomes your representatives very seriously to consider, whether those purposes have been answered, for which the revolution was effected, and for which the princes of the house of Hanover have been raised to the throne of these kingdoms.' p. 8.

Our author closes his pamphlet in the following manner—

'The part which Great Britain has taken, respecting the revolution in France, will be recorded to its dishonour, so long as any history in Europe shall remain. It ill became the people of England to exhaust their blood, and their treasures, in support of German despots, or despots of any other nation. This could not have happened; if the people had been possessed of a virtuous, independent,

and enlightened parliament. As to the idea which was thrown out, that the war was carried on for the preservation of religion, and of social order, this was a species of contemptible jargon, fit only to be addressed to the retainers of the court, and to persons of the meanest understanding. Instruct your members, therefore, to use their most assiduous endeavours to restore the blessings of peace, and to put a final termination to a war, disgraceful and impolitic in its commencement, and destructive in its consequences.' P. 14.

A Disclosure of Parochial Abuse, Artifice, and Peculation, in the Town of Manchester; which have been the Means of burthening the Inhabitants with the present enormous Parish Rates; with other existing Impositions of Office, in a Variety of Facts, exhibiting the Cruel and Inhuman Conduct of the Hireling Officers of the Town, towards the Poor. To which is added, a Book of County Rates, shewing the exact Proportion of every Hundred in this County, and of every Township in the Hundred of Salford. By Thomas Battye. 8vo. 2s. Thomson. Manchester. 1796.

From the report of a committee of the house of commons, appointed to inspect and consider the returns of overseers, relative to the state of the poor, in the year 1787, it appears that the whole sum raised in England, taken upon a medium calculation on sums raised in the years 1783, 1784, and 1785, was 2,100,587l. and that the net money applied to the use of the poor, and their immediate relief, was only 1,496,129l. The rest of the money raised goes in parish entertainments, overseers' expenses, and law suits! So great are the evils attending the present way of supporting the poor, that many, not without reason, have insisted, the poor rates, at all events, ought to be abolished, and some other mode adopted, more suited to the cases of the poor, and less subject to peculation.

The present very interesting pamphlet shows how grievously a parish may be imposed on, through overseers not keeping their accounts fairly, and not producing them for public inspection. Their statements ought to be kept as clear as those of commercial houses, and published annually; impositions then would be easily detected. Many respectable ley-payers of the town of Manchester, it seems, have expressed a desire of having such a yearly report; but this, for *weighty reasons*, has not been complied with.

The present pamphlet, it is hoped, will open the eyes of the people of Manchester, and lead them to pursue such measures as will prevent future impositions and peculations. It does truly exhibit, as the title-page professes, cruel and inhuman conduct of hireling officers;—and the author is justly entitled to the thanks of his townsmen and the public.

A Letter

A Letter to Bryan Edwards, Esq. containing Observations on some Passages of his History of the West Indies. 4to. 2s. 6d. Johnson. 1795.

These passages relate to the slave trade. In our review of Mr. Edwards's History, we made several remarks on the defence he sets up for that trade. Yet, although we allowed him to be the best and most candid advocate that has yet appeared, we agree with the present author, that all his arguments are reducible to a mere question of policy. The value and importance of the West India islands are placed against every other consideration; and while it shall remain the opinion of the legislature that we must not lose sight of the interest we possess in the islands, it will be a waste of time to argue the point as men and christians. The writer of this letter (Mr. Preston of Dublin) follows Mr. Edwards closely through all his details, and vindicates the measure of abolition with ability and perspicuity. The subject has been so often before the public, that it would be unreasonable to expect the advancement of any thing new; but the influence of such a writer as Mr. Edwards certainly demanded a renewal of those arguments, before which we are persuaded this infamous traffic must one day fall.

Hard Measure, or, a real Statement of Facts, in a Letter to the Burgesses, and Freemen Burgesses of the Town of Shrewsbury. With a few Expostulations and Remarks addressed to the new Candidate the Honourable William Hill. Occasioned by the very peculiar and unwarrantable Manner, in which he has repeatedly introduced the Name of Sir Richard Hill, into his late printed Addresses. By Sir Richard Hill, Bart. The Second Edition. 8vo. 6d. Stockdale. 1796.

A Supplement to the second Edition of Hard Measure, &c. By Sir Richard Hill, Bart. 8vo. 3d. Stockdale. 1796.

Sir Richard Hill in this narrative holds himself forth as the friend of 'independence,' and the determined opposer of 'aristocratic influence.' It is no unusual thing for our senators to be one thing in the boroughs or counties they represent, and another within the walls of St. Stephen's chapel. Whether this be the case or not, with regard to the worthy baronet, let the lists of those who have virtuously opposed the present corrupt and devastating system declare. With regard to the subject in dispute, we shall say very little. It appears that Mr. William Hill has taken a fancy to the seat in the parliament, now occupied by his 'near relation,' Mr. John Hill, who having enjoyed it pretty long, feels no inclination, by surrendering his honours, 'to gratify (as his advocate and supporter sir Richard says) the high ambition of an aspiring youth.' How this election squabble will terminate, we know not: nor can we think the public good at all considered by any of the parties concerned in it.

P O E T I C A L.

Tetelestai: the Final Close, a Poem. In Six Parts. By David Bradberry. 8vo. 2s. Rivingtons.

Poetry, it is thought by many, ought to go a *little* beyond common sense to be in perfection; but this is a matter of great nicety; and the author of—what is the strange title? seems to us to have gone something beyond the mark. The awful scenes of a judgment day have kindled the sublime imaginations of painters and poets; but though a subject infinitely sublime, it is one which, for obvious reasons, it is not easy to treat without falling into rant or impropriety. Young has, in his *Last Day*, the most sublime and the most absurd passages. If the poem in question has any of the former, it is owing to the scripture images, which the choice of the subject naturally suggests; for the latter, the author himself must be answerable. Of this nature is the idea of giving a *strong emetic* to hell, to oblige her to throw up all the spirits confined in her dungeons,—of having bills of credit drawn upon heaven—

‘ With bills of credit unconfined
I mount, and leave the globe behind.’

He should have told us at what spiritual banking-house these bills are accepted.

In one place the author thus sarcastically addresses his infernal majesty—

‘ Satan horrific! Magor Missabib!
Mute, though his lying tongue was once so glib.’

It is easy to perceive, to what class of readers this poem properly belongs; and with them we shall leave it.

Poems and Fugitive Pieces, by Eliza. 12mo. 6s. Boards. Cadell and Davies. 1796.

Many of these poems were originally published in the *Star*, and have drawn forth, in the same paper, complimentary answers and addresses, which, with a reciprocation of compliment to their respective authors, are again inserted along with the poems; a species of literary intercourse, often more delightful to the parties, than to the phlegmatic reader. The poems of Eliza, though not calculated to gratify that class of readers who look for the finished beauties of correct versification, have the charm of moral sentiment, and occasionally of elegant description.

The *Lines written on the Anniversary of a Mother's Death*, and those to *A Friend in a Sick Chamber*, are pleasing, from the tender strokes of real pathos which they contain.

The pieces under the title of Comic Poetry are very trifling indeed.

Miscellaneous

Miscellaneous Poems, by Mrs. J. Pilkington. 2 Vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Boards. Cadell and Davies. 1796.

This lady professes to be afraid of the reviewers. We can assure her we are equally afraid of her; for nothing is more unpleasant to our feelings than to be obliged to scrutinise with a critic eye, and, in the quality of caterers for the public, to speak in terms of disapprobation of those innocent and extemporaneous effusions which have, perhaps, in some friendly circle, obtained the approbation of partial hearers, willing to be pleased, and interested in every copy of verses by the little occasional events on which it is founded, and to which they have been themselves either witnesses or parties. To all who have thus acquired a degree of local celebrity, and are esteemed by their friends and visitors, *very pretty geniusses*, and easy writers, we would apply the line—

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint !

Woe unto them if they quit those calm seas and flattering gales, to have their little skiff tost upon the stormy ocean. In short, let them beware of the *press*, as the bane of their reputation. Mrs. Pilkington will not, we hope, be angry with us for applying these observations to the volumes before us, as the following is the modest opinion she expresses of her own powers—

‘ And alas ! I’ve no hope that Apollo’s fam’d tree
Will adorn such a bit of a poet as me ;
Besides, tho’ I sometimes on Pegasus rode,
I never yet reach’d the nine Muses abode ;
For when I arrived at the foot of the hill,
My horse at that instant stood perfectly still.
But as I had heard that the famed Grecian spring,
Which teaches a poet in numbers to sing,
First rose from a stroke of Old Peg on the mountain,
Which open’d a passage, and out sprang the fountain,
I tried to provoke him to kick on the ground,
But alas ! my dear brother, no fountain I found !’

Vol. i. p. 70.

Should the lady be disposed to publish again, we beg leave, however, to assure her, that *Eliza* and *wiser*, which twice occur together, cannot possibly be admitted as rhyme; and that *am-bi-ent*, read as three syllables, makes a line very languid. In the following line—

‘ And lose the *exhale* of its fragrant power—’

a verb is unjustifiably turned into a noun, and the accent placed wrong. The subjects of these poems are familiar, and the sentiments, it is but justice to say, such as no young mind can receive any hurt from.

Poems of various Kinds. By Edward Hamley, Fellow of New College. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Cadell and Davies. 1796.

Part of this publication consists of *Sonnets*, the second edition corrected; as they have been already before the public, they require no further notice; the other poems are miscellaneous, but all of the serious, moral, and sentimental kind; and among them are *translations* from Klopstock, Haller, and the *Flight of Erminia*, from Tasso. As Mr. Hamley professes not to aim at the higher wreath of poetry, but confines his pretensions to 'amuse a void and countless hour,' he may rest assured that his modest expectations cannot fail of being amply gratified; for his poems are flowing, correct, and harmonious: and though they do not possess much originality, they show an elegance of mind, and liberality of sentiment, which will cause them to be read with pleasure by congenial minds. The scenery of the descriptive part is chiefly taken from the rocks of Cornwall, the author's native county.

The following specimen will give a sufficient idea, both of the turn of sentiment, and of the poetry; it is taken from a poem on Roche Rock in Cornwall—

- ' To yon huge rock, that age and storm defies,
As o'er Cornubia's heathy back they haste,
Admiring wand'ers turn with curious eyes,
And mark its bulk amid the frowning waste.
- ' High on its beetling top, with weeds o'ergrown,
His cold damp cell a hermit rais'd in air,
His drink the spring, his bed the naked stone,
And gave his years to penance and to pray'r.
- ' There to his void and aching soul confin'd,
He listen'd to the sea-bird's piercing cries,
The tide's wild roaring, and the wrecking wind,
And watch'd the sun's slow journey thro' the skies,
- ' The wakeful mem'ry of life's chearful stage
Oft chill'd religion's faint and dying flame;
Ev'n as he trac'd the legend's pictur'd page,
To steal his thoughts from heav'n the tempter came.
- ' Still 'mid the lonesome wild, whence pleasures fly,
Imperious nature's cries the heart alarm,
Warm recollection pours the deep-felt sigh,
And life's sweet charities ev'n there must charm.
- ' Alike from virtue and from vice he fled,
Lost to the world as in the silent grave,
Save when his needy hand a bit of bread,
A cup of water to the pilgrim gave.

' Did

' Did heav'n, in kind regard to feeble man,
 Pour down his various bounties from above,
 And give, to chear his short and mingled span,
 The sweets of friendship and the joys of love;

' That he, a prey to voluntary woe,
 'Midst cold austerities should drag his life,
 Turn sullen from the plenteous feast, nor know
 Th' endearing names of children, father, wife?' P. 5.

Poetic Trifles. 8vo. 2s. Dilly. 1796.

There is a command of language exhibited in these poems, which looks as if the author might write something more finished, if he would give himself sufficient trouble. The subject of the first, *Ode to the Ixalsalya*, is at least new; but the strain of it is obscure and exaggerated; and he speaks of the Indian fire-fly, as if he supposed its lambent light could actually set fire to the woods. The following stanzas, describing this 'fly of Assyria,' the same mentioned in Isaiah and by Bruce, are among the most descriptive; but it is not justifiable to speak of the fly in the abstract, and therefore in the singular number, and then to speak of *its myriads*—

' O thou, whose livid wings of gauze,
 While pointed bristles arm thy jaws,
 Are mid thy myriads spread;
 Strait, at their rattling, as the car
 Heard from the mountain-tops afar,
 The frenzied herds snort round, and fly thy horfeline
 head.

Appal'd, the fierce rhinoceros stands,
 And vainly notes the distant sands,
 Then hails his tawny foe:
 In union, by the water's edge,
 They urge their way, thro' matted sedge,
 And roll their bulky limbs, where brooks the fen o'er-
 flow.' P. 5.

The *Swiss scene*, and the *Scotch scene*, are good sketches. *Dun-
 heved* begins with spirit—

' The beamless sun went down the sky,
 And, sinking as a ball of blood,
 Ting'd with a deep funereal dye,
 Thro' sullen mists, the murky wood.' P. 11.

But there is nothing in the occasion to support the solemnity of it.—Some other miscellaneous copies of verses require no particular notice. By far the greater part of the volume is taken up by the *Flight of Montauban*, in mock heroic, which, to those who know nothing of the story, is totally without a meaning.

RELIGIOUS.

R E L I G I O U S.

A General and Connected View of the Prophecies relating to the Times of the Gentiles, delivered by our Blessed Saviour, the Prophet Daniel, and the Apostles Paul and John; with a brief Account of their Accomplishment to the present Age, supported by the most unexceptionable Testimony of History. By the Rev. E. W. Whitaker, Rector of St. Mildred's, and All Saints, Canterbury. 12mo. 3s. Rivingtons. 1795.

The luminous historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire was accustomed in his life-time to receive from the clergy many hard words, and much ill treatment. His death, it is to be hoped, has softened the resentment of those, who, from some misconceived or really erroneous passages in his work, entertained prejudices against the author, and the whole of his history; and by the present publication it is evident, that one person has found out the way of making the poison its own antidote, and of transferring, from the pages which are idly supposed by many to contain a confutation of christianity, some of the strongest arguments in its favour.

Mr. Whitaker has viewed the performance of Mr. Gibbon in its proper light. It is indeed a masterly performance, and, notwithstanding the innumerable defects in its style, contains a variety of splendid passages, calculated to make the strongest impression on the reader. Its advocates cry it up as unanswerable; christianity, they say, has been sapped to its utmost foundations, and time only is requisite to level it with the ground. What then can be better than to prove, from the redoubtable historian himself, that his work is really nothing else than a developement of those prophecies in scripture, which he is supposed to despise; and that, whatever his intentions may have been, his language in many places might seem to have been dictated by the same spirit which influenced the pen of an evangelist.

This is the design of the author now before us: and we must regret that he did not explain it in fuller terms in his title-page. In the title-page he tells us, that the accomplishment of the prophecies to the present age is in his book supported 'by the most unexceptionable testimony of history.' Now this is both too great a compliment to Mr. Gibbon, and it weakens the effect it is intended to produce. Had he said, 'supported by the testimony of the author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' he would not only have described accurately his book, but he might have excited many persons, led away by the specious misrepresentations of the historian, to compare together his unsophisticated opinions with those of revelation.

As we have thus taken notice of the title-page, we must detain our reader with a slight remark on the motto—

'They

* They are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come.'

In the times of the apostles, this verse contained a very important truth. The ends of the age, that is, the end of the Jewish, and the beginning of the Christian dispensation, might be really said to be upon them. The Jewish dispensation was within a few years of its close, and the Christian dispensation had been a few years only in existence. But how can this apply, though so frequently repeated in this and several preceding centuries, to the believers in christianity, for the last sixteen hundred years? and we see no reason to presume, either from the scriptures, or the apparent circumstances of the world, that the end of it should be accomplished in the present generation.

In the interpretation of most of the prophecies, our author acquiesces with the generally received opinions; at times he advances his own positions, and they deserve attention. Many of the prophetic parts of scripture must, till the time of their completion, remain in obscurity: but when the impartial infidel compares together, as he ought, the language of revelation with that of his favourite historian, he must be struck with a coincidence, for which he cannot account, without giving up his fanciful opinions. If it were probable in this age that many infidels would act impartially, we should recommend them to give this small volume a perusal: but if they will not do it, we can recommend it to Christians as a useful appendix to Mr. Gibbon's history.

Regal Rights consistent with National Liberties. A Sermon, preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, on Sunday, June 21, 1795. To which is subjoined an Appendix, containing Extracts from the Papers, &c. presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Secretary Dundas, in 1794. With a few suitable Observations. By W. Hawkins, A. M. Prebendary of Wells, and Vicar of Whitechurch, Dorset. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons. 1795.

From Proverbs xxiv. 21, Mr. Hawkins deduces the divine appointment of monarchy, and monarchical dignity, and has therefore little difficulty in proving that *regal rights* make an essential part of a monarchical constitution. But we see no connection betwixt the rights due to a sovereign, and the passionate and very ill-written invective against reformers, which makes up the greater part of this sermon. Mr. Hawkins allows the existence of grievances: and what, we would ask, are grievances, that they should be touched with so delicate a hand? Are they beings endued with the power of removing themselves; or, if they are not, where is the harm in any individual, or number of individuals, attempting to remove them? Let but the existence of political grievances be admitted; and the removal of them from that moment becomes a duty fit for every time and place,—except, perhaps, the pulpit.

The

The Millennium ; or Latter Day Glory : a Sermon. By William Moore, Minister of Meeting House Yard, Red Cross Street. 8vo. 1s. Chapman. 1796.

Though there is much of rhapsody in this discourse, and the preacher entered into too wide a field for the complete satisfaction of the hearers or readers,—there are so many excellent sentiments on religious liberty, that we think his hearers did not go away unedified. The orthodoxy of the preacher cannot be doubted: yet, in labouring to establish his point, he runs incautiously into an error which every man, acquainted with religious controversy, studiously avoids. ‘We do not attempt,’ says he, ‘to explain how one can be three, and three one,—we only believe the fact, because it is revealed; without explanation, because the scriptures do not explain.’ Now three cannot be one, nor one three; the Trinitarians never assert such an absurdity; and the great contest is, to prevent this absurdity from being fastened upon them. In another place Great Britain is called ‘a little outcast island,’ from the author’s ignorance of geography, which would have taught him, that there are only two larger islands in the world. But notwithstanding these and several other inaccuracies, which may be easily corrected, we shall recommend to the author to persist in his cause, and to have in view, not the mere delivery of a sermon in public, but that correctness of style, language, and sentiment, which will please the judicious reader in the closet.

Sermons on various Subjects, by the late Rev. Thomas Toller. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Robinsons. 1796.

These sermons are published by the son, as a tribute of respect to his father’s memory; and they will be acceptable to the friends of the deceased. To the public at large they do not present themselves with very high credentials. They are plain discourses, without any great attempts at elegance of style or language; there is not much originality in the conception: nor are any difficult passages in scripture elucidated. The arguments for the perpetuity of the Lord’s supper will hardly make an impression upon its opponents;—the encomiums on the political constitution of the country seem out of place in the pulpit;—the preacher dwells much more on popery than was necessary, and seems to have been very little acquainted with the real state of the papists in this island. We find by one discourse, On the Death of a Young Man, that he had his notion, that the pious went immediately upon their death into the mansions of the blessed; and from another, that the dead shall embrace each other in ‘yonder world with mutual transport and congratulations.’ But though we do not find in these discourses any traces of deep thought, sound erudition, cultivated taste, the pathetic, or the sublime,—to those who knew him, they ‘will be an interesting memorial of his pious labours,’ which were, we doubt not, usefully employed during the whole of his earthly ministry.

A Word

A Word of Comfort to the Poor, in their present Necessity: a Sermon, preached in the Parish-Church of Wanslead, in the County of Essex, on Sunday, July 19, 1795, by the Rev. Samuel Glaspe, D. D. F. R. S. &c. 8vo. 6d. Rivingtons. 1795.

This discourse, which is modest, pious, and sensible, is not ill calculated to smooth the brow of poverty and care, by holding forth the best comforts which the best of all religious systems can administer,—and to restrain the poor from using any unjustifiable means of obtaining relief. Such are the intentions of the author, who gives the profits of his labours to the service of the poor. We cannot, however, think with him, that it is absurd to blame the legislature: the whole blame does certainly not rest with them; but it is not absurd to suppose, that the heavy taxes upon each article in a shop or warehouse may find their way into a corn-field, and that the produce of these taxes have not been employed on objects connected with the welfare of the community.

Address to the Loyal Leicester Volunteer Infantry, at the Presentation of their Colours, in the Parish Church of St. Martin, Leicester, October 19, 1795. To which is annexed the Prayer used on that Occasion. By Thomas Robinson, M. A. Chaplain. 8vo. 6d. Brown, Leicester. 1796.

This address is eloquent, and does some credit to the talents of the author. Such addresses, nevertheless, do not appear to us so becoming the pulpit, as Mr. Robinson seems to think. He deplores the miseries of war in appropriate language: but while we rush into war without a clear and explicit motive, without an urgency that appears obvious to all men, and without a specific object to be attained,—a great proportion, at least, of the public will be apt to consider our compassion for the miseries it induces, as a species of convenient affectation. The prayer annexed is a well-written composition. The compilers of the book of Common Prayer did not foresee that a day might come when the delivery of a pair of colours should be a religious ceremony.

The Duty of Perseverance in Well-Doing. A Sermon, preached in Thomas's, Southwark, Friday, January 1, 1796, for the Benefit of the Charity-School, in Gravel-Lane. By John Disney, D. D. F. S. A. 8vo. 6d. Johnson. 1796.

The duty of persevering in well doing is here recommended from such cogent motives, as cannot fail to leave an useful impression on the mind of the reader, who is at the same time guarded against that apparent zeal in the cause of religion and virtue, which degenerates into lukewarmness and indifference. The language of this sermon is plain and perspicuous, and well suited to occasions like that on which it was delivered. Text, Galat. vi. 9.

The Bishop of Landaff's 'Apology for the Bible' examined. In a Series of Letters, addressed to that excellent Man. By A. Macleod. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Sewed. Crosby. 1796.

Of all the attacks upon Revelation hitherto made, the present is, in our judgment, the most impotent and absurd.

N O V E L S.

Agatha; or a Narrative of recent Events. A Novel. 3 Vols. 12mo. 12s. Boards. Dilly. 1796.

This novel seems to have been written merely with a design to exhibit the French revolution in the most disgusting point of view; for the story is tedious and improbable, and the characters insipid or out of nature. When the public mind, however, is so violently agitated by political dissensions, we think it ill judged to flatter or offend the prejudices of any description of persons, by such fictitious horrors and imaginary massacres.

Consequences; or, Adventures at Rraxall Castle. A Novel. By a Gentleman. 2 Vols. 12mo. 6s. Boards. Boosey. 1795.

The author of this production modestly announces himself in the Preface, as 'too young a man to pretend to improve others, his humble aim being innocently to amuse.' He quotes from Shenstone, who says 'A composition that enters the world with a view of amusing in a polite or innocent way, has a claim to indulgence, though it fail of the effect intended,'—and requests, if at the bar of criticism he is pronounced guilty of a *vain attempt*, the above authority may be admitted in mitigation of his *first offence*. We acknowledge ourselves not only inclined cheerfully to acquit him, but are willing to give him credit for yet more than he claims. The tale he relates is short and simple, and, if it displays no superior powers of invention, or bold flights of imagination, manifests good sense and just reflection, and is not ill calculated to exemplify the obvious and important moral which it enforces—the *consequences* that result from a vicious example, and the neglect of a virtuous education.

Isabinda of Bellefield. A Sentimental Novel in a Series of Letters. By Mrs. Courtney. 3 Vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. Sewed. Bagster. 1796.

The gentle writer of this *sentimental* tale is so willing to avail herself of all the privileges of her *sex*, and so humbly throws herself upon our clemency, that we feel ourselves utterly disarmed of our critical acumen. Her production is made up of the usual incidents and sentiments which compose the *generality* of this species of publication (we always mean to except a distinguished and superior class). Her heroine, the fair Isabinda, is a paragon of softness and beauty, and, after a variety of tender distresses, which
serve

serve but to give a zest to the felicity in store for her, is repaid for her sufferings, by the consummation of all earthly happiness.

Ariel; or, a Picture of the Human Heart. By Thomas Dutton.
12mo. 1s. Roach. 1796.

The prefatory address to this little tale is sensible, and the purport excellent. Ariel, one of the tutelary sylphs supposed to be appointed to the guardianship of mankind, disgusted with the follies and vices of his charge, execrates the human race, and abjures his degenerate pupils. As a punishment for his rash judgments, he is condemned by Oberon, the chief or presiding spirit, to make, himself, the experiment of human nature, and, in a body of mortality, to sojourn for thirteen moons upon the earth. In this trial he gains, by woeful experience, a knowledge of the frailties and infirmities of human nature, the force of human passions, and human wants, with their various springs and remote operations,—and acquires from the result greater lenity, forbearance, and benevolence. We would recommend the study of this lesson to the intolerant and censorious, (which is allowing the author a tolerably large proportion of readers)—that when they feel inclined to indulge in invective against the errors and faults of their neighbours and acquaintance, they may at the same time recollect the various temptations to which different situations may have exposed them, and reflect whether they have, themselves, profited from all their opportunities of improvement. We ought, perhaps, in all our judgments, to endeavour to distinguish the *person* of the offender from the *offence*.

M E D I C A L.

A Pocket Conspectus of the New London and Edinburgh Pharmacopœias: wherein the Virtues, Uses, and Doses, of the several Articles and Preparations contained in those Works, are concisely stated, their Pronunciation as to Quantity is distinctly marked, and a Variety of other Particulars respecting them given, calculated more especially for the Use of Junior Practitioners. By Robert Graves, M. D. &c. &c. Small 8vo. 3s. Sewed. Murray and Highley. 1796.

The young physician is here presented with a neat little pharmacopœia, well calculated to supply the defective recollection of the properties of medicines, &c. which every practitioner, at his first outset, unavoidably labours under. The matter contained in this pocket volume is comprised in 112 pages, selected from the latest London and Edinburgh Pharmacopœias. Each article necessarily receives only a very small share of the editor's attention: and we think that many of the virtues, so hastily attributed to a variety of medicines, might with advantage be left unrecorded, until there
are

are more authentic proofs of their possessing such qualities; for example—

‘Aconitum, (i. n.) *herbā*. Blue wolf’s-bane. Anodyne, sudorific, acrid, deobstruent; in chronic rheumatism, scrophulous swellings, venereal nodes, amaurosis, &c. in powder gr. fs. ad gr. v, or more, bis die; or, tincture made with dried leaves one part to six of proof spir. dose gt. v gradually increased to gt. xl, or more.’
P. 3.

This hasty mode of attributing virtues to medicines, without any regard to experience, ought to be corrected by the authors of *Materia Medica*, as they mislead the young physician, both in his judgment and practice. On the whole, however, this Pocket *Conspectus* may prove serviceable in those cases for which the compiler recommends it.

An Address to Medical Students; a Letter to Dr. Fordyce; with Remarks and Questions upon Quotations from Dr. Fordyce’s Dissertation on Simple Fever. 8vo. 1s. Bell. 1795.

Whatever situation the writer of this flimsy pamphlet may hold in the profession, his objections to the conclusions of the learned and ingenious author of the ‘*Dissertation on Simple Fever*’ are not such as will tend to increase his reputation as a medical philosopher. In his remarks, there is much more of *quibble* than sound and manly objection.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Discourse on the Emigration of British Birds; or, this Question at last solv’d: whence come the Stork and the Turtle, the Crane and the Swallow, when they know and observe the appointed Time of their Coming? containing a curious, particular, and circumstantial Account of the respective Retreats of all those Birds of Passage, which visit our Island at the Commencement of Spring, and depart at the Approach of Winter, &c. &c. By a Naturalist. 8vo. 2s. Walker. 1795.

This writer laments the inattention of naturalists to the subject on which he has written, and points out the line of conduct necessary to be observed by those who may be prevailed on to investigate it farther.

‘To be sufficiently qualified,’ says he, ‘for this task, it is necessary that the inquirer should confine himself to one certain tract the whole year; he should be particularly careful to mark the exact period of the arrival and disappearance of birds; he should observe in what order the different species come, and at what time, and in what manner they go; also how they steer their course, whether east

east, west, north, or south; he should commit every observation to paper, and compare them with the remarks of others who have written on the subject; he should likewise attend to the temperament of the air, and to the plenty or failure of fruits and berries, as on these accidents many curious and advantageous remarks may be made; he should cultivate an acquaintance with the gentlemen of the navy, consult their journals to discover what birds alight on the ships, and at the same time should endeavour to learn at what seasons they appeared, in what latitude, &c. Were these methods vigorously and strenuously pursued, we might easily trace them to their respective abodes.' P. xi.

Whence, says our author, come the *fork* and the *turtle*, the *crane* and the *swallow*? &c. This, he informs us, is 'at last solved.' Our readers will naturally expect to be indulged with the solution; and as it lies within a very moderate compass, they shall certainly be gratified—

'But to render this truth *quite indisputable*, to solve the matter fully, and prevent any farther controversies on this affair, we beg leave to observe, that *we* have more than once had ocular proof of what, with propriety, *we* may term an actual migration of these birds. About Old Michaelmas *we* have frequently observed immense numbers of swallows and martins settled sometimes on the tops of trees, and sometimes on bushes, at a great distance from their summer haunts; here they have sat silent for some time, as if in deliberation; on a sudden *we* have seen them all take wing, mount to a certain height, and with an easy regular motion, proceed toward the western ocean, when *our* eye has followed them till they were imperceptible; and what was very extraordinary, not a single one was to be found after the departure of the great assembly, which evidently testifies that what *we* observed was the *first Sally*, or *setting out*, of these summer visitants. These annual proceedings *we* have remarked for a long series of years.' P. 26.

Unfortunately, this writer, in all his observations on this subject, by *we*, means *himself*; had he said that *fifty* other naturalists had supported the same opinion, we should at least have had an opportunity of admiring his candour, however destitute of new matter we might have thought his discourse.

L A W.

Reflections on Usury, as conducted by the Mode of Under-valued Annuities: in the Course of which, for the Benefit of those who are oppressed with them, are respectively pointed out, according to the different Securities, the different Means of Relief. 4to. 2s. Murray and Highley. 1796.

The author of these reflections complains that the evil of usury has experienced but a partial remedy from the interposition of the

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legislature, by the celebrated Annuity Act, of the 17th Geo. III. It does, indeed, seem to us not reasonably to be accounted for, why in the case of minority the law should grant such peculiar protection from the depredations of unprincipled money lenders, and not at the same time extend its salutary assistance to persons whose distressed circumstances give them an equal claim.

In allusion to the annuity act above mentioned, and which was introduced into the house of commons by the present lord chancellor when solicitor general, our author makes the following observations—

‘ To confine the use of money within the bounds the existing laws had prescribed, to render it subservient to honest and useful purposes, the bill alluded to was in it’s original form designed : it was calculated to restore to his family honours many an exiled proprietor ; it would have disencumbered many an estate so involved with annuities, that the owner of it, were he to live to the age of Methuselah, under an annual payment of seventeen per cent. could never hope to see it redeemed : it would have beamed comfort on families immersed in clouds of sorrow and distress ; and revived hospitality in mansions which oppression and usury had converted into dreary seats of desolation.

‘ But, instead of an act to prevent usury, that, which supplanted Mr. Wedderburn’s original design, tends to encourage it ; in that it lays open the borrower’s circumstances ; places every annuity he has granted on publick record ; and thereby enables the purchaser to make his bargain on surer grounds than he could have done before that act existed.

‘ Lord Kenyon afterwards took the matter up in court. Above the arts of petty-foggery that have sometimes disgraced high stations in the law, with the dignified spirit of the situation he possessed, as presiding in a court of equity, he declared, that “ where there were principles, he wanted not precedents. The case of young heirs had made a beginning,” (alluding to Mr. Wedderburn’s bill ;) “ and he was not afraid of adding men in distress to the list.” This was a language dictated by the spirit, not the literal quirks and chicanery, of the laws. In the instance then before him, he accordingly gave relief : and, on an appeal to the late lord chancellor, his lordship affirmed the master’s decree.’ p. 6.

The noble judge who thus expressed himself, did equal honour to his feelings and his situation. It is, however, to be lamented that more numerous and firm *legal* barriers are not erected to stop the career of a practice, which, by hardening the heart, and feeding the avarice of the lender, while it takes advantage of the distress of the *unfortunate* and encourages the dissipation of the *thoughtless* borrower, disgraces the commerce and corrupts the morals of the country.

A Collection of Cases on the Annuity Act, with an Epitome of the Practice relative to the Enrolment of Memorials. By William Hunt; Esq. The second Edition, enlarged and improved, &c. 8vo. 4s. Boards. Clarke and Son. 1796.

The utility of this collection is exclusively confined to the legal practitioner. Mr. Hunt thus commences his Preface to the present edition—

‘ This work is considerably enlarged by the insertion of a variety of cases, which have arisen upon the annuity act since the first edition was published. Those cases which in that edition did not immediately apply to the act, of which this collection professes solely to treat, are here omitted, because now, owing to the great increase of matter, they would unnecessarily have swoln this volume, which is intended merely for the practitioner’s vade mecum: whether those cases will appear hereafter, depends entirely upon my finding leisure to pursue the subject of annuities in all those branches, over which courts of law and equity have any jurisdiction. However, as a work of this sort still continues to be a *desideratum* in legal publications, I was unwilling to delay this practical treatise till that event took place; more especially as the frequent discussion of this part of the subject, and the strict hand courts of justice hold over transactions of this nature, makes it necessary for the practitioner to be very careful and exact in adopting the interpretation which this act has there received, because the validity of every annuity within it, absolutely depends on a perfect compliance with the solemnities prescribed thereby; and that too according to the exposition of those courts.’ P. vii.

In some further observations on his work, Mr. Hunt properly disclaims any merit but that of a mere compiler. Where the task is so easy, it ought surely to be well performed. Mr. Hunt’s cases may be faithfully transcribed; but we cannot compliment him on the felicity of his arrangement, or the correctness of his precedents,

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Pedestrian Tour through North Wales, in a Series of Letters. By J. Hucks, B. A. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Boards. Debrett. 1795.

Mr. Hucks disarms the severity of criticism by a modest acknowledgement that he does not expect his little work to be extended among a very large class of readers: the amusement of an individual was originally his sole object; and he has ventured to publish his letters, to assist those who may wish to become familiar with the route he pursued. To such, we think, his letters may be useful, and to others they will be found amusing. The best part of

them, however, are the reflections he makes on political and civil economy, which might have been made without performing on foot so fatiguing a journey. He gives us little that is new in his *descriptions*, but is every where a lively companion and a just reasoner.

Leisure Hours : or Entertaining Dialogues ; between Persons eminent for Virtue and Magnanimity. The Characters drawn from Ancient and Modern History. Designed as Lessons of Morality for Youth. By Priscilla Wakefield. Vol. II. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Darton and Harvey. 1796.

This little volume is in continuation of a work designed, by the intelligent and respectable authoress, to convey a series of entertaining and instructive precepts to the youthful mind.

For this purpose Mrs. Wakefield has selected a number of interesting historical anecdotes, and by turning them into the form of dramatic dialogue, has exhibited the respective characters in their most lively and impressive attitudes. The following extract will show the moral tendency, and pleasing style which characterise the productions of the writer—

‘ *The CROWN and HELMET ; or the ARTS of PEACE to be preferred to the SCIENCE of WAR.*

‘ Bravery and the love of arms have always characterised the French nation ; but warlike enthusiasm was never raised to a higher pitch among them, than at the time when Charles the Sixth was a boy ; his father, surnamed the Wise, perhaps suspicious that he had imbibed too much of the spirit of the military gallantry of the age, took an ingenious means of discovering the turn of his character, by presenting him with a crown of gold richly ornamented, and a helmet of polished steel. It is not improbable, that the choice of the young prince might give rise to a dialogue, somewhat similar to that which follows.

‘ *King.* Affairs of state, and the important duties of royalty, engross so large a portion of my time and thoughts, as to leave me but few opportunities of enjoying your company : the present half hour being at my own disposal, I have sent for you, that we may pass it together in the unrestrained freedom of private conversation,

‘ *Charles.* Nothing can be more agreeable to me, than the indulgence of visiting you, especially when you are alone, because then I am at liberty to express myself without reserve, but I have not courage to speak freely, when you are surrounded by a crowd of courtiers and attendants.

‘ *King.* Pomp and ceremony are part of the tribute which kings are obliged to pay to custom, and the eminence of their station ; the enjoyment of leisure and social intercourse, is a rare felicity ; let us avail ourselves of the present opportunity. On that table are placed a crown and a helmet, one of them is designed as a present for you ; take your choice of them.

‘ *Charles.*

Charles. It requires no great deliberation, since you permit me to take that which pleases me best; the helmet is mine.

King. What motives can induce you to reject a crown, embellished with so many shining jewels, for a helmet of plain steel?

Charles. The ornaments of the crown are very beautiful, and adapted to please my sister, but are not conformable to my taste; the love of arms is my delight, and my highest ambition to become a celebrated warrior, equal in fame to my illustrious ancestors. As I hope to gain your consent to attend the next military expedition, I shall then wear the helmet, and the remembrance that it is your gift, will stimulate me to behave bravely, and deserve your approbation.

King. My son, you shew a laudable ambition to excel; direct it to the most excellent objects, and it will guide you to the path of true honour; but beware of confining your ideas of merit to warlike exploits alone, the arts of peace conduce more to the happiness of mankind, than all the conquests history records. Select such of our noble progenitors, for your imitation, as have shewn themselves the fathers of their people, by civilizing and improving their manners, solicitous of diffusing virtue and tranquillity among every rank of their subjects.

Charles. But surely those kings are to be esteemed the greatest heroes, who courageously headed their troops, and extended the limits of their kingdoms by their victories.

King. They are regarded in that light by those that do not consider, that the prosperity of a nation consists more in the virtue of its inhabitants, than in the extent of its territory. A true hero, in public or private life, is he, who has learned to renounce his personal gratification, in order to confer happiness on others. A conqueror increases his own dominions, by diminishing those of the princes unhappily situated on his frontier. What would your opinion be of a person, who wished to enlarge his estate, and that he might accomplish his design, seized the fields contiguous to it, belonging to a neighbour less powerful than himself?

Charles. I should declare him both dishonest and ungenerous, because he had taken that which did not belong to him, and had attacked a man that had not provoked him, who was unable to resent the injury.

King. The same principles of immutable justice apply to kings and private persons; therefore, according to this decision, Charles, many of those heroes you have been accustomed to admire, will be reduced to the characters of oppressors and plunderers. Had Alexander the Great employed his extraordinary talents in civilizing the Macedonians, instead of depopulating the earth, we should probably have heard less of him, but his subjects would have reaped much greater advantages from his reign, and his life would have been truly useful; whereas his ambition rendered him
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the scourge of his fellow-creatures. Divest his most brilliant victories of the false glare that adorns them, and little remains but carnage and misery. Songs of triumph attend the conqueror's car, which drown the lamentations of those made wretched by his success.

'Charles. I cannot deny the truth of your remarks, though it is with the greatest reluctance I resign my favourite heroes to the reproach you cast upon them. Must I consider all warriors as pests to society?

'King. A patriot king never unsheathes his sword for the prosecution of wars created by his ambition; the defence of his country is the only cause that can rouse him to action. Confine your ardour to that point alone, lest your thirst for glory expose your people to misery, when you ascend the throne. Alfred the Great of England, so justly renowned for his heroic qualities, had spirit to expel those invaders who had driven him into exile; and wisdom, when he had subdued them, to apply himself to the internal government of his kingdom; the beneficial effects of his institutions are still remembered with gratitude, their influence is felt to this day, and endears his memory to posterity, as the universal benefactor of mankind. Copy this example, and lay aside your helmet till you are required to wear it, in chastising the insolent attacks of an unprovoked enemy.' P. 24.

We hope Mrs. Wakefield will continue her laudable exertions for the instruction of the rising generation. Much human misery, as well as ignorance, may doubtless be prevented by imparting to the tender mind, proper notions of things, and familiar examples of virtue.

Abrégé de l'Histoire Ancienne, en particulier de l'Histoire Grecque, suivi d'un Abrégé de la Fable, à l'Usage des Elèves de l'Ecole Royale Militaire à Paris. 12mo. 3s. Bound. Dilly. 1794.

This abridgement is well executed, and adapted to the use of schools. It has the advantage of a correct geographical index, and a table of questions, embracing the principal facts in the ancient and fabulous history.

Questions to be Resolved; or, a new Method of exercising the Attention of Young People. Interspersed with various Pieces, calculated for Instruction and Amusement. Translated from the French of Madame de la Fite. 2 Vols. 12mo. 5s. Sewed. Murray and Highley.

To form the minds and morals of youth, is one of the surest and least equivocal means of promoting reformation. We are indebted to the French for many ingenious and useful publications of this nature: the present has much merit, and we recommend it with pleasure to young readers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR correspondent Philalethes will find the translation of Leonore, to which we referred, in the Monthly Magazine, No. II. The succeeding paragraph of his letter we take the liberty of inserting, with the answer.

FROM the learned Reviewer of Dr. Watson's Apology, I would wish to know where in the Old or New Testament, or among their rational commentators, I can learn any thing of those beings whom he calls, "the sons of God?" p. 297. ad fin.—From the ingenious bishop, or from his equally intelligent Reviewer, I should be glad to know, what Revelation has taught mankind respecting those very interesting questions, which seem once to have occupied so much the anxieties and reasonings of Dr. Watson. To have fled from rational religion to Revelation, for a solution of the difficulties attending our enquiries, respecting the connection between "necessary existence and intelligence," "between intelligence and benevolence," &c. &c. seems to me to be running with an *anxious* mind to a master, determined to repel your *anxious* enquiries by a cold revolting silence.

We have to observe, in return to PHILALETHES' first query, that the scenical representation in Job was the principal object in view. A similar exhibition appears in the Vision of Micaiah, 1 Kings, xxii. 19, &c. and in Zechariah iii, 1, &c.—A consideration of these passages, with the Temptation of Christ, in the Evangelists, and such other texts as the Concordance points out, where *The Sons of God, Angels, Satan, the Devil*, &c. occur, will, when the relative opinions of the Easterns, and their customs, are included, throw much light on the subject; which no writer, within our knowledge, has fully investigated.

As to the topics to which the next question adverts, we scruple not to admit that Revelation might be ransacked in vain. Not because (as Philalethes, perhaps *inadvertently*, hath stated) Revelation is the opposite to rational religion; but, in the point before us, a commutable term. Furnished with sufficient evidence of its divine origin, from miracles and prophecies, its discoveries and doctrines are authoritative dogmas. Had its design been to detail to us metaphysical subtilties, the occupation must have been endless; and, unbounded as is the compass of human curiosity, were every one to seek from it answers to his questions, the world could not contain books to comprise them. Is it not enough, if we believe the SCRIPTURES, *that they can make men wise unto salvation*,—and that, in them, *we receive the end of faith, even the salvation of our souls?*

His judicious observation, concerning the Index, is under consideration, though a great part of it has been already compiled.

We are obliged to Mr. Cofins for his favour, which is transmitted to the author of the article in question, and will be duly attended to by him.

The following paper from Dr. Hunter of York, though somewhat out of our ordinary course, is inserted to subserve the general good, and gratify the request of so respectable a correspondent.

GENTLEMEN,

The subject of this dissertation is of so much importance, that I am desirous of having it generally known before the season of sowing wheat comes on. If the plan of your Review will admit of so early a notice, it will much oblige your obedient servant,

YORK, July 12, 1796.

A. HUNTER.

A new

A new Method of raising Wheat for a series of Years on the same Land.

THE erroneous idea that plants draw from the earth such particles only as are congenial to their own natures, has probably occasioned the farming maxim, that wheat cannot be raised for a series of years upon the same land. But the truth is, that under the broadcast husbandry, there is not sufficient time for manuring and stirring the earth, between the operations of reaping and sowing. Such being the case, may we not remove the obstacle by substituting transplantation for sowing. With a view to decide upon this important question, a gentleman has instituted the following experiment:—In October 1795, a quart of wheat was drilled in a piece of garden ground, and on the 22d of March, 1796, the plants were taken up and transplanted into a field, which before had borne a crop of potatoes. The soil was a light loam, and contained six hundred square yards, or half a rood. The land was only once plowed, harrowed, and rolled, after which the plants were pricked down at the depth of one inch within the ground, and at the distance of nine inches from each other, each square yard containing sixteen plants. The expence of planting out was, by a skilful farmer, estimated at one guinea per acre, supposing the work to be chiefly done by women and children. At this time (June 14) the plants make a fine appearance, not one of them having failed. Should this experiment answer the purpose for which it is made, it is proposed after the crop is cut down, to have the land well plowed and manured, in order to prepare it for receiving another crop of transplanted wheat in the spring, and it is also proposed to continue the experiment for a number of successive years, in order to determine the doubtful point, 'whether wheat can be raised for a series of years upon the same land.' Independent however of the original purpose for which the experiment was instituted, there is reason to suppose, that the transplantation of wheat for a single year, will turn out a beneficial improvement.

The following reasons present themselves:

1. The scheme saves 11-12ths of the seed usually sown.
2. It employs the feeble hands of the village at a time when they have but little work.
3. Land that in winter has become too wet for sowing, may be planted in the spring, whereby it will be kept in its regular course of tillage.
4. The wheat may be hoed at a small expence, which will keep the land clean, and save hand-weeding in summer.
5. The crop will probably exceed in quantity.
6. It will give the farmer a taste for garden culture, which will insensibly remove that slovenliness too generally observed in farming operations.
7. Wheat may be transplanted upon any land, however light, if a judgment may be formed from a small experiment made this year upon a piece of land, almost too light for rye.
8. As it seems to be an established law in nature that land will not push up more stalks from one seed than she can well support, it follows that the greater the surface a plant has to stand upon, the greater will be the number of stems produced. In this mode of culture each plant has eighty-one inches of soil to grow upon, whereas in the broadcast husbandry, the plants have only twelve inches.
9. Land instead of lying waste under a summer fallow, may be made to produce a crop of cabbages, turnips, pease, beans, potatoes, or summer vetches, as preparatory to its being planted with wheat.
10. Should experience prove the justness of this idea, a field of five acres, kept constantly under transplanted wheat, will afford a sufficient supply of bread-corn for a family of fourteen persons.

* * This experiment is made in a field at Middlethorp, near York, belonging to Samuel Barlow, Esq. and may be viewed from the left hand side of the road leading to Bishopthorpe.